

JUN 3 1913

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE



Drawn by
Gene Pressler

JULY

FIVE CENTS

1913



Sunday Evening Suppers

You who serve Puffed Grains in the mornings only know but part of their delights. Try serving like crackers in bowls of milk—for luncheon, for supper, for a bedtime dish.

There are no other wafers so crisp and delightful—so thin-walled and airy—so nut-like in flavor.

The grains float like bubbles. The flaky walls—toasted through and through—are thin as tissue paper.

The grains are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread. A terrific heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

And these are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible. That was never done before. So in every way these Puffed Grains form ideal evening meals.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in*
Puffed Rice, 15c *Extreme*
West

Used as Confections

Puffed Rice is used in candy making, in frosting cake, as garnish for ice cream. For these Puffed Grains, though easily crushed, have the flavor and crispness of nut-meats.

Many mix them with berries to give a nut-like blend. Children eat the grains dry, like peanuts, when at play. With cream and sugar, as a breakfast dish, there is nothing so enticing.

Puffed Grains are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Within each grain there occur in the making millions of steam explosions.

Thus the cells are created, the thin crisp walls, the delightful almond flavor. In these summer days—days of ready-cooked meals—folks are eating forty million dishes monthly. Keep both of them on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—CHICAGO

FOR MIDSUMMER MENUS

A PUREE OF VEGETABLES is made by flaking onions which have been soaked in milk and boiled in water, and cooking with one green pepper, two stalks of celery, chopped fine, and one-quarter of a can of green peas. Serve with a cream dressing made by cooking together butter and flour, and adding enough milk to give a rich, creamy consistency.

NUT CROQUETTES.—Take 3 large potatoes, boil and mash. Chop 1 cupful of walnuts fairly fine. Then make a white sauce of a third of a cupful of milk, half a teaspoonful of flour, a piece of butter about half the size of a walnut, and one egg. Mix the potato and walnuts with the white sauce, and stir in one egg and a pinch of salt. Mold in heart shapes, roll in flour, and fry in deep fat. Decorate with walnut meats, and garnish the dish with parsley.

ASTOR SALAD.—Carefully wash and dry enough Romaine lettuce for the number to be served. Place on salad plates and add sections of orange and grapefruit, with all skin carefully removed, and strips of pimento. Serve with French dressing to which a suspicion of mustard has been added.

MOCK PIMENTO CHEESE.—To ordinary cream cheese, or, better still, home-made cottage cheese, very dry, add two teaspoonfuls of tomato paste. Mix well, until the cheese is a delicate pink in color and subtly flavored with the tomato. Then, add a dash of salt and red pepper, and if you have them, some chopped nuts, or a few shreds of green pepper. This makes a delicious filling for sandwiches, or, molded into small balls and served with crackers, is a dainty addition to a salad course.

GOOSEBERRY DAINTY.—Stew one quart of gooseberries with two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and a half cupful of water. Use a double-boiler for this. When done, remove and mash the gooseberries, and rub the pulp through a sieve. Add two cupfuls of cream and enough sugar to taste. Thicken, and serve with sweetened whipped cream.

ICED FRUITS.—These are something new and delicious. Make an icing with two cupfuls of granulated sugar and eight tablespoonfuls of water. Boil until a ball will form when dropped in water, remove, add the stiff white of an egg and beat until creamy. Dip cubes of pineapple, whole strawberries, raspberries and peach halves, cubes of oranges and slices of bananas into the icing, and arrange in sherbet cups with whipped cream piled about them. Canned fruits may be used, if fresh fruits are not in season.

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

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(252)

SOME OLD DUTCH RECEIPTS

By ELIZABETH PORTER

WHERE the dumbwaiter and the delicatessen shop are unknown one is sure to find American housewives with interesting culinary secrets of their own. In a part of New York State first settled by the Dutch are many families that, without being out-of-date, have kept up the traditions of the old Dutch housekeepers. And most of their receipts for delicious and unusual dishes, though handed down from the time of brick ovens and hearth-fires, can be used today.

One of the most delicious products of Dutch cookery is a kind of doughnut known as an *olekoek* (pronounced *oley-cook*). Its great beauty, especially in the eyes of children, lies in the fact that it has a raisin in the center instead of a hole.

OLEKOES.—Three pounds flour, one pound sugar, three eggs, half pound butter, one quart milk. Boil the milk and set a sponge at night with part of the flour, using half a yeast-cake. When light, mix all into a soft dough. If necessary, more flour may be added. When light again, make into small balls with a raisin in the center of each, and let rise on board until light. Cook in boiling fat.

A favorite catsup called “Higdom” is prepared as follows:

HIGDOM.—One peck of green tomatoes, chopped fine, one teacupful of salt. Let stand twenty-four hours, then drain in a colander; add one pound brown sugar, one tablespoonful cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls ground cloves, one ounce mustard seed, one ounce celery seed, one head cabbage, twelve green peppers, three cucumbers, eight small onions; chop fine and mix well; pour over this cold vinegar. This receipt calls for no cooking at all.

Another famous Dutch receipt, for Cream Puffs, is not so simple, but is worth the time it takes.

CREAM PUFFS.—One pint of water, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, ten eggs; boil water and butter together, stirring in flour while boiling; let this cool; then add eggs well beaten, and a very small teaspoonful of saleratus; drop on a tin; bake about twenty minutes. When cool, snip open with scissors and drop a tablespoonful of the following filling inside the puffs: One cupful of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, one quart of milk, four eggs; beat flour, eggs, and sugar together. Put the milk on stove and stir in the mixture while boiling. Boil till it thickens, and flavor with orange, lemon or vanilla.

(Continued on page 59)



THINGS THAT WILL INTEREST YOU



DAINTY little shop devoted to the sale of infants' wear isn't where one would expect a love story to begin, but in *At the Sign of the Safety-Pin*, by Mary Brecht Pulver, you will find Cupid very busy, indeed, in just such an environment. A wholesome, breezy little story it is, with a nice girl and a nice man and a happy ending.

Another kind of love story that has fifty years of prosaic married life behind it is *Ma's Golden Wedding*, by Mollie Frank Ellis. Mother has jogged along for all this time, churning and baking, and sewing and mending, and bringing up a family of children, until husband and children have come to accept her ceaseless activities quite as a matter of course. It is only when she suddenly and apologetically crumples under the accumulated toil of years that her family wake up to a recognition of their unthinking selfishness. How they make it up to Mother is the subject of our delightful little story.

Worth, the Famous Paris Costumer

PERHAPS the article in August which will interest you most is *A Talk With Worth About Clothes*, by Lorhetta B. Coles, the clever head of our own designing department. Everybody all over the world knows the House of Worth, the great Paris costumers, who have set French fashions for the last fifty years. When one of the Worths visited America this spring, Miss Coles, in discussing with him the fashions for the coming season, found a comparison of French and American methods of creating fashions so interesting that we felt you, too, would like to be admitted behind the scenes.

Our article introduces you into the heart of this famous French establishment, and lets you compare for yourself the manner in which Worth dresses are created with our own American methods. More, the article invites an expression of your personal opinion on the current fashions, and offers payment for some of the best letters we receive on the subject. Read the article first, and then let us hear from you.



OUR simple, graphic *Autobiography of a Star* is rousing live interest in our readers. One great goal this open confidence will do is to show the young girl who wants to spread her wings and fly stageward, into what an atmosphere of struggle and privation her flight would carry her. This month's instalment follows the fortunes of our fledgling actress through many vicissitudes.

An Emancipated Household

SUMMER is the time to put household reforms into effect, for the vacation spirit is abroad. Before we can yield to its invitation, however, we must find some way of keeping the household wheels in action which shall leave us leisure. That is what the clever account of *The Methods of An Emancipated Household* teaches us to do. It is the experience of one ingenious woman in minimizing dish-washing, table service and the other details of housekeeping without sacrificing the comfort of her household. What would you think of being able to serve an entire meal on one serving-dish? Sounds impracticable, doesn't it? But it isn't, as you will agree when you see, by our numerous illustrations, just how attractively it can be done.

Betty Lyle Wilson is with us again, and this month we learn all about *Frozen Desserts and How to Make Them*. Simple and novel receipts are given for desserts which will make your company dinner or evening party occasions to be remembered by your guests.

Mrs. Tobey's lesson in home millinery is concerned with *Some Fetching Motor Bonnets*, while Mrs. Whitney's dressmaking lesson deals with *Baby's First Short Clothes*.

The Revival of Linen Applique

IN EMBROIDERY we have as many clever ideas as usual to offer you, including directions for the revival of an old art, *Linen Applique*, a form of embroidery possible to any woman who can use a needle for plain sewing. There will be some *Home Money-Making Ideas*, and many other seasonable departments and articles.



"Yes, it will wash if
you use Ivory Soap
and a little care."

Delicacy of color and beauty of pattern make many of this season's "wash goods" so attractive that you may forget to consider whether the goods will wash safely.

But you need not be disappointed if you use Ivory Soap.

Ivory Soap, because of its extreme purity, mildness and freedom from alkali, will cleanse the most delicate muslins, cambrics, prints, etc., without fading the colors. Handle the garments with a little special care, as suggested below, and they will retain all their original beauty.

**To Wash Delicate-hued Muslins,
Cambrics, Prints, etc.**

Soak for ten minutes in salt water, a half cupful of common salt to two gallons of cold water. Wring out and wash quickly in Ivory Soap suds. Rinse in bluing water. Starch in boiled starch. Hang in shade. Wash only one thing at a time.

**To Wash Lawns, Organdies,
Batistes, etc.**

Wash in warm, weak Ivory Soap suds with salt in suds. Rinse twice in hard water with some salt added. Make smooth, thin starch and put this in last rinse water with a pinch of powdered alum.

IVORY SOAP



. 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE



JULY

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

1913

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

WE WONDER if there is a city, town, village, or country neighborhood which does not shelter dozens of men and women whose brains are turning over and over the problem of how to add to an inadequate income—how to make money at home. There are family duties and farm duties, and the responsibilities of daily salaried occupations, which prevent wandering afield in search of the golden dollar, and there is a discouraging tendency on the part of pocketbooks to fail to provide any very extensive capital for experiments; so, "What, then", all these people are saying to themselves, "What, then, can I do?"

Every one of us knows of some method by which another has solved the problem puzzling us, but it never seems to be just the thing we could do in the environment which surrounds us, or with our limitations of purse or training.

That is why the results of our Home Money-Making Prize Contest will mean so much to so many, for it has brought to us actual solutions of the money-making problem from every walk in life and out of every conceivable environment. Wherever you live, whatever are the difficulties which beset you, our Contest has furnished us with an experience which exactly fits your case.

To read these human-experience stories was not only a liberal education, but an inspiration as well. Surely, none of us could ever admit ourselves defeated when one frail woman in a frontier town, with only one dollar and twenty cents as capital, managed in four months to earn one hundred and five dollars to eke out the family income and meet some pressing doctor's bills. What she did can be done by any other ambitious woman who lives in a railroad town.

ANOTHER woman, whose example could be followed by any one with a small patch of ground equal to one-sixteenth of an acre, succeeded in earning \$214.20 in one season from one dollar's worth of tomato seed. To be sure, she showed herself very resourceful, indeed, in the methods by which she coined dollars from those seeds, but surely you and I might prove equally capable. Almost any woman, except in the larger cities, has at her disposal as much land as that tiny patch, and, while not every neighborhood would offer the opportunities which were possible to our prize-winner, yet yours may be the one that does.

Chickens seem a trite possibility, but what do you think of the woman who, without any previous experience whatever, decided to rely upon them for her entire future living? The one

qualification for success which she possessed was quiet determination. Having decided on chickens as her future means of support, the fact that the first year she spent \$94.20 (for land rental, coops, netting, stock, etc.) in earning the large sum of \$5.60 did not daunt her in the least. The next year she spent \$63 and earned \$115.80. The third year her profits were \$88.5; the fourth year, \$2,000; and the fifth year, \$3,700. Chickens do not seem quite so "trite" after reading these figures, do they?

AS FOR the preserving-kettle as a royal road to fortune, the personal experiences which our Contest has disclosed should encourage any woman to look upon it with favor. At least, it seems to us that a net profit of \$220.17 in one season would be well worth consideration. One of our readers will tell you, before long, just how she earned this welcome sum, and she is only one of dozens who had similar successes to report. Surely this is an avenue to prosperity which is open to almost any woman.

Do bees interest you? Then you will be eager to read the experience of the woman "heavy in ambition though thin in purse" who, with an expenditure of \$20 for ten hives, netted \$50 on her investment in the first three months, while the increased colony she now owns has since produced \$3,300 profit for one summer's work.

There are any number of other methods which have resulted in substantial success, all of which you will learn about in the coming months. What do you think of a woman who has devised a way of making mosaic vases and jars from broken china, and whose venture has been so successful that she now requires the services of two assistants? Or of the clever girl who cleared \$24.40 at Christmas time on some odd, home-made hatpins?

These are but a very few of the almost endless variety of money-making methods we can suggest to you. For the next twelve months the magazine will publish in each issue these and other personal experiences, selected to fit a wide range of needs; so you may be sure there will be something just for you. If, in the meantime, you want any advice about some venture you are undertaking, do not forget that Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, will be glad to assist you with suggestions.

A No-Count Wooing

by Anne Gunter

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux

MRS. PEEBLES wore her black silk, though it was not Sunday, and sat in the parlor, though there was no company. However, one glance at her face showed plainly that this was no wanton affront to the proprieties; beneath the dignity and prim self-satisfaction which comes of wearing one's best dress, there was a solemn, even frightened look on Mrs. Peebles' mild features.

"Mary Lou," she repeated, smoothing out the papers that lay in her lap, "it don't seem right to read it as my own. I can't reconcile it to my conscience. It's deceitful."

She looked appealingly at her daughter. Mary Louise was curled up at one end of the long sofa, her very attitude of careless ease defying the traditions of parlor behavior, as did her rolled-up sleeves and rumpled hair. Mrs. Peebles could never understand this daughter, who was like none of the girls of her own young days, though she had brought her up as she herself had been raised, resorting to the same time-honored punishments and laboring to instil the same edifying precepts. Not for a moment did the poor lady suspect that it was the present and the future that had infected Mary Lou. She carefully analyzed the past and laid the blame on the girl's ancestors. Nobody could say anything against the Peebles—there was no better family in the state—but her husband's mother had been a Wanely!

NOW don't start talking that way, Ma," said Mary Louise, laying down her sewing and looking beseechingly at her mother, "it's too late. It isn't your fault that Uncle Sim wrote it. You just asked him for a few ideas, being as he lived in the city, where ideas are easier to get at than in the country, and if he ups and writes the whole thing, you aren't to blame, are you?"

Mrs. Peebles shook her head uncertainly and looked vaguely around the room in search of an answer to this pernicious logic. On the walls hung the ancestors, dim with time, but very potent still. With her eyes on her mother's portrait, Mrs. Peebles addressed her daughter, "I can't do it, Lou. I just reckon I'll tell them I lost my paper."

"I reckon you won't," cried Mary Louise; "it's beautiful, Ma, and you're president, and nobody else will be prepared to make the presentation speech. You can't disappoint all those people and waste Uncle Sim's beautiful poetry."

When the old court-house showed signs of collapsing from age, the town of Houston Centre had yielded to the modern spirit of civic-improvement to the extent of building a new one, and the Historical Society of Associated Daughters had volunteered a bust of

Poe to embellish the public hall above the court-room.

The opening of the new building was to be a great occasion; the mayor was to make a speech; Mrs. Peebles, as president of the Daughters, would present the Poe; and the ladies of the Wilkes Street Methodist Church would sell refreshments after the program.

Mrs. Peebles turned the pages of Uncle Sim's effusion lovingly. "It is beautiful," she conceded, "and I never could have done anything half so fine. Your granduncle Augustus had a wonderful gift for writing—he did all the funeral and wedding notices in this county for years—but none of the rest of us ever could write, except my boy John Henry."

MARY LOU resented the sigh that accompanied the mention of her brother's name. "Now, Ma," she interposed hastily, "you're always talking about John Henry, that ran away and never was any account anyway. I should think you'd be thinking about those of us that have stayed right here and been a comfort to you. You don't ever say how bright Jim is, just because he's always been steady-like and worked in the office with father. Yet you're forever praising the Spineless Wonder."

John Henry Peebles, known to his sister as the Spineless Wonder because he was a baffling mixture of brains and irresponsibility, had been the talk of Houston Centre until his abrupt departure several years before. The town was evenly divided as to whether he was a genius or a fool. He was regularly suspended from school; yet his masters all admired him. He could never be made to study; yet in

some mysterious fashion he absorbed a prodigious knowledge of mechanics, physical science, and electricity. Although Houston Centre was lighted at night by the kindly moon and an occasional kerosene lamp, the Peebles' home was equipped with a startling array of unexpected drop-lights, electric bells, burglar alarms, and similar apparatus, which were the terror of Mrs. Peebles' life. The patient James, who was inclined to stoop, was even persuaded to wear in his coat an electrical arrangement which rang loudly whenever his shoulders drooped from soldierly erectness.

The family viewed John Henry's fondness for mechanics with horror. It suggested plumbing to them, and the Peebles were all professional men. John Henry was destined to be a lawyer, but when the time came for him to begin his life-work, he refused to read law. His mother's tears, his father's commands, and the illustrious example of his grandfather



ALTHEA BROKE A HOLLYHOCK BLOSSOM AND LAID IT AGAINST HER DRESS. "JOHN SAID," SHE WHISPERED DOGGEDLY, "THAT IF I'D WAIT, HE'D COME BACK FOR ME."

failed to move him, and for the first time in the history of Houston Centre the law firm of Peebles & Son seemed threatened with extinction, until the younger son James gave up his medical career and stepped into the breach. John Henry drifted aimlessly for a miserable year, then quietly gathered up his things and disappeared from Houston Centre.

HE TOOK his mother's heart with him, however, and now, as always, she grew wistful at the thought of him. "He was the worst baby," she mused, "and the sweetest. And he wasn't bad and wild, like some sons."

Mary Louise, who dreaded any display of feeling and was always angry when she found herself grieving over the Spineless Wonder, changed the conversation abruptly by holding up the bonnet she was working on and turning it slowly around in her fingers. "Looks just like new," she declared, "and with a bit of lace at your throat and your

explained, "to get away from the children. Mary Lou isn't really sewing; she's just tacking some ruching into my bonnet."

Mrs. Mason, however, ignored the impropriety of sewing in the parlor, and dropped into the chair that Mary Lou was offering her. She was a short, plump woman, with an over-abundance of chin.

"Maria Peebles," she cried, in the tone that Houston Centre etiquette demanded at death-beds and funerals,



JOHN HENRY IT WAS, THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT

cameo pin, you'll be splendid, and the Daughters will be awfully proud of their president, won't they, though?" She stooped to gather up her sewing materials, and, seeing that her mother still regarded the manuscript before her uncertainly, added resourcefully: "And when you go to read the speech, Ma, you can just tell them at the outset that you're indebted to a friend for a few of your ideas. That'll make it all right."

There was a suggestion of finality in the snap of Mary Lou's work-box that reduced her mother to reluctant compliance, and she was resignedly tucking the manuscript into her reticule when the door on the side-porch was pushed open and a woman and a slim, fair girl entered the room.

"Why, Aunt Bec," cried Mary Lou, addressing the elder woman, who wore her bonnet and shawl, "you are dressed early. It's a whole half-hour yet." The Peebles and the Masons were no blood kin, but the two families had lived side by side for years, and Rebecca Mason had always been Mary Lou's "Aunt Bec".

"We came into the parlor, Rebecca," Mrs. Peebles hastily

"the Poe has come!" With the force of her emotions a mourning-pin of plaited hair rose and fell spasmodically on her tight black bodice. "Me being secretary and treasurer of the Daughters, they sent it to me, and Althea and I opened the box right straight." She paused for dramatic effect, also for want of breath, before she finished in a shrill crescendo: "Maria, I just want you to see what they've sent us."

There was a portentous silence while Althea Mason dragged a box into the center of the room and, fumbling among the wrappings, drew forth a bust of Poe, a Zolnay of exquisite workmanship with a delicate green finish laid frost-like over its bronze surfaces.

"Why," cried Mrs. Peebles, voicing her anguish in a wail, "it's mildewed!"

YES," retorted Mrs. Mason, the mourning-pin on her bosom heaving wildly, "it's mildewed, or corroded, or something. And it won't come off, either, for Althea scrubbed and I scrubbed, all the morning." And indeed the statue's nose and cheek-bones had been rubbed to a startling radiance. "I even sent uptown for some of this new-fangled washing-soap, though you know, Maria, none better, that I don't generally use anything but soap made in my own kitchen by Aunt Henrietta's receipt. And none of it did any good, as you see."

Mary Lou passed a judicial forefinger over the green surface of the bust. "That mildew is there to stay," she opined.

"And you might think," pursued Mrs. Mason, "that it got damaged coming, but you see yourself how it was packed. All that paper and stuff would keep off the damp for ages. They just must have sent us an old one—I knew those folks up North would treat us that way." Mrs. Mason was only a baby at the time of the war, but she had inherited her prejudices, along with her candle-snuffers and camel's-hair shawl, from her mother, and to her Mason and Dixon's was as the Biblical line separating the sheep from the goats.

"I think it's rather pretty," ventured Althea, regarding the Poe dreamily; "maybe they meant it to look like an antique."

"An antique?" From her place on the floor Mary Lou gave vent to her scorn. "What right had they to send us an antique when we paid for a new one? And what do we want with an antique? Everything in this town is antique, Althea Mason; it's a wonder the babies aren't born with whiskers. What we want is something new and shiny."

The grandfather's clock in the hall struck the half-hour and brought the discussion to a sudden close.

THREE-THIRTY! cried Mrs. Mason, rising from her chair with all the haste her size permitted, "and here comes Colonel Wayne. He's asked to take the officers down in his surrey. There's nothing for it, Maria, but to take the Poe as it is, but when you go to make your talk, pull the cloth off the statue for just a moment, then drop it back on accidental-like, so nobody will see it real plain. Else they'll be saying all over town that we bought a second-hand Poe."

When the two mothers were safely tucked in the surrey, with the Poe hidden in the back, Mary Lou turned to Althea.

"Hurry, Thea, and put on your hat. Let's go early and watch the people come in."

But Althea hung back. "You go, Ma'y Lou, with some of the other girls. I don't think I'll go."

"But you're all dressed up," protested Mary Lou. Althea wore her blue lawn with the pleated ruffle, and her coral necklace outlined the round base of her throat. The dress was just the color of her eyes.

"I know," she confessed, "I did dress to go, but somehow I've changed my mind. I don't feel well."

Mary Lou took her by the shoulders and pulled her toward her. "It's a story," she declared sharply; "you never looked better in your life. You're worrying about that no-count brother of mine."

Althea, held tight in Mary Lou's determined clutch, squirmed and admitted it. "It's his birthday," she pleaded, softly; "he's twenty-four today. And he's been gone over two years now."

MARY LOU drew her down on the steps, where the hollyhocks hid them from the view of passers-by. "We won't either of us go to the presentation," she announced abruptly. "It's going to be awfully hot and crowded, anyway."

Althea made perfunctory protest, but as Mary Lou was obdurate, she snuggled up against the older girl and poured out her troubles. "I'm going on twenty, Ma'y Lou, and mother says there never was an old maid in the Mason family before, nor the Chesters, either, barring Aunt May Chester, whose sweetheart was killed in the war. Ma wants me to take Asa James."

Mary Lou knitted her brows sagely. She must give comfort without encouragement, for the two families had set themselves to the task of weaning Althea from this foolish devotion to the absent John Henry.

"Asa's a fine young man," she remarked impersonally; "they say his cotton-crop was the best in the county last year."

Althea considered that John Henry's virtues were being challenged by his sister. "John wasn't no-count, either," she flared up, "even if he wouldn't study law. He said there wasn't any call for him to be a lawyer just because

his pa and his grandpa and his great-grandpa had been lawyers."

Mary Lou continued the chant of Asa's advantages. "Aunt Katie Lane told me the other day that Asa's mother has yards and yards of real lace, the handsomest kind! She never wears it, but Aunt Katie stepped over there real early one morning to borrow Mrs. James's biscuit-beater, and there was Asa's mother, airing the lace on the east porch. Aunt Katie says it was as long as the porch, and a beautiful pattern. Asa's the only child, you know, and his Ma's simply crazy about him."

Althea broke a hollyhock blossom and laid it against her dress. "John said," she whispered doggedly, "that if I'd wait he'd come back for me. 'He said'—she flushed high with hope—"he said he'd come back on his twenty-fourth birthday."

"Pooh," said Mary Lou; "he said he was going to get rich, and lots of other things, as well. But Asa is all those things already, Thea."

Evidently Asa's charms were ineffective; so Mary Lou changed her tactics to something far more subtle. She pushed aside the hollyhock stalks, and through the opening they could see Main Street, with its irregular brick sidewalks bordered by patches of bitter-weed. Beyond was the common, where a herd of cows were grazing and a crowd of small boys were playing ball.

"Look at little Tommy Walker," cried the crafty Mary Lou; "isn't he too cunning?"

Althea was interested at once. "Oh, Ma'y Lou, he's a darling. And when Sallie comes by he stops and shouts to her, no matter how busy he is at play."

AND just to think," mused Mary Lou, "Sally went to school with us, and she's not so much older, either." She lowered her voice confidentially, "do you know, Thea, I reckon it's wrong to talk about it, but I do want some children. I think about them often when I'm sewing, and plan how I'll dress them." She twirled the pearl ring on her finger rather obtrusively. It had belonged to Lloyd Harris' mother, and Lloyd had given it to her. They were to be married in the fall.

"So do I," declared Althea eagerly. "I want a little girl with blue ribbons, like Jen Burnham's Eve. She's to be named Althea May, for me and Aunt May Chester. Every time I pass the old mulberry tree where we used to play, I can seem to see her sitting there in the little shuck-bottom chair that Uncle Ephraim made me, holding my rag-doll. Mary Lou, did you save your rag-baby?"

"The puppy chewed her up," Mary Lou announced it with brutal indifference. "Still I have my string of Indian beads and my great-aunt Mary's little silk quilt. But I want a boy, too, Thea, a stodgy, strapping boy, like Tommy there."

As a candle flickers and goes out, Althea's childish face puckered into lines of misery and lost its brightness. "I want a boy, too," she answered, very, very faintly, and hid her face among the hollyhocks. For with the thought of the boy she suddenly remembered that old maids do not have children. To endure that ignominious title for John Henry's sake, to forego the joys of courtship and the splendor of bridal days, was all very well, but to sacrifice her children on the altar of romantic love was horrible!

Looking at the bent head, Mary Lou felt uncomfortably that she had been unkind, but her righteous indignation could not be suppressed. "And John Henry's never written you a line," she blazed forth angrily. "Thea, you take Asa James."

Althea shook her head and was silent, and Mary Lou wisely decided not to speak her mind concerning the Spineless Wonder.

They sat in silence, with only the cries of the little boys on the common breaking the afternoon stillness, until Althea's moment of anguish passed and she looked up. "Ma'y Lou," she whispered, "if I show you something, do you swear you'll never tell?"

(Continued on page 74)

WHY I AM TAKING HIM BACK

by the Mother of His Children

Illustrated by Gordon Grant

AFTER patiently healing the severest wound to heart and pride which a woman can suffer, I am deliberately tearing that wound open. After four years of mental and spiritual tranquillity, I am as deliberately returning to a condition of turmoil and unrest which must last so long as I shall live.

Why?

Because the happiness of my children is at stake.

Five years ago, I sailed out of my husband's life, knowing that love lay dying in my heart. Yesterday, I wrote to him to join us. My children carried the letter to the post-box, chanting as they went: "Father is coming home! Father will soon be here!" And, dull-eyed, with a chill at my heart, I stood watching them.

Why are irresponsible men of lax morals drawn to women in whom the sense of duty and sex-morality amounts to an obsession?

Ralph was the handsome ne'er-do-well of our class in high school. I realize now that I was the class model for earnestness and thoroughness; at forty, I still retain my Botticelli profile and my figure of slender virginity. Psychologists and sociologists would have pronounced us mad to think of mating, but I firmly believed that my influence would steady the man whose defects were purely negative.

Our wedding trip was the voyage to the Philippines, where Ralph had secured a federal appointment. We were swept into the vortex of colonial life, with its sprinkling of army and navy people, its representatives of foreign governments, its club dances and dinners—in diluted form, the existence led by United States *attachés* in the Far East. For a year my trousseau and Ralph's savings enabled us to hold our social own, but with the birth of our first little girl retrenchment was necessary. I did all the retrenching, though quite unconscious of the fact because I was so happy in my newly acquired motherhood. Not until the second child, little Kenneth, was born, did I realize that I had dropped completely out of my husband's social life and was pitied as a maternal and household drudge. Even then I did not recognize the danger for my husband which lay in the hotel lounges, the club porches and card-rooms. I was so busy safeguarding my children from physical and moral contamination that I did not appreciate the vitiating influences, which bound my handsome, stalwart husband to the social set in which I could no longer afford to move. Dinner and dancing frocks, linen suits and lace coats, costly shade-hats and parasols, were beyond my purse, but Ralph needed only freshly-laundered linen, inexpensive serges and flannels, and rakish soft hats to mingle with those who satisfied his yearning for pleasure.

WHEN loneliness overtook me and misgivings came, I argued that mine was merely the common lot of motherhood while children were small and helpless; and that if I curbed the fun-loving, boyish instincts of my husband I might drive him to grave indiscretions. But with the birth of our third child, a little girl, Ralph's irritability frightened me. The children seemed to stand between him and creature comforts. They interfered with the pleasure



THE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS AND CLINGING KISSES OF MY BABIES NEVER FAILED ME

his nature demanded. His flannels looked dingy, and club dues were difficult to meet. He railed against the government which did not increase salaries to keep pace with domestic expenses. He regretted that he could not launch some independent business venture because all his "capital" was invested in children.

Understand, Ralph did not lack pride in his children. Thanks to their heritage of health, and to vigilant care, they were the pride of our colony. He liked to hear admiring comments when he was seen with them in public. And he was a fine playfellow when he could forget his financial worries. But the higher message of parenthood never rang in

his soul: he found no compensation for personal sacrifice in the miracle of fatherhood.

Gradually the sense of personal deprivation, hard as I tried to lighten it, became intolerable. Pleasure he must have. He went into debt. Money that he could not afford to spend on the clothing which he felt a man in his position required sometimes went for drink. Not that he was intemperate. He drank just enough to make him forget petty annoyances, to give him a false sense of enjoyment and of participation in the pleasures he could not forego.

NATURALLY, he spent less and less time with the children and me, but I was too busy actually to suffer from neglect. And we women have the trick of warming our hearts at the fire of child-love, when husband-love burns low. If his caresses and kisses sometimes seemed perfunctory and unsatisfying, the outstretched hands and clinging kisses of my babies never failed me. In my ignorance of men and life, I did not realize that Ralph's nature was of the sort which must always lavish passionate affection on some object, licit or illicit. This ignorance, and a certain dignity, inherited from Mayflower ancestors and maintained in the face of poverty and shabbiness, protected me from gossip concerning my husband's flirtations. But rumors did reach my parents, and, without explaining their motives, they sent a generous check to cover my expenses on a trip to my old home.

Ralph's attitude when I showed him the letter and the check tore the scales from my eyes. He had the grace to murmur something about my need of change from the enervating climate, but he made no attempt to hide the relief he felt at the prospect of being free from all domestic ties. He even went so far as to say that our going would relieve his desperate financial situation. He was deeply in debt: he would rent the house furnished and live at his club during my absence. By good management, I could make the next steamer. Yes, he admitted, the children and I were shabby, but I could shop to better advantage in San Francisco. Not by word or inflection did he suggest that he would miss us.

During the weeks that followed he was more attentive to me and more affectionate to the children than he had been for months, but this did not deceive me. His altered manner expressed all too clearly his relief that in a short time he could lead a bachelor's life, unburdened by parental responsibility, unannoyed by tales of domestic friction.



I DID NOT RECOGNIZE THE DANGER FOR MY HUSBAND WHICH LAY IN THE HOTEL LOUNGES, THE CLUB PORCHES AND CARD-ROOMS

I went about my task of sewing, packing, storing and saying good-bys, benumbed by the hideous sense of disappointment in my husband as the father of his children. In my agony for them, in my self-recrimination that I had borne them to a father unworthy of the trust, I lost all perspective on the personal relations between Ralph and myself. I did not see myself as an unloved, neglected wife. I never thought of any more serious wrong to me than that of indifference. So, thank God, I left him without a quarrel over the other interests which had sprung up to take my place, but with all love for him dying in my heart.

Perhaps you will say that I never loved him. I did! I did! But I loved him after the manner of women who must combine love with respect. Later, when I learned that my husband had actually neglected his shabby home and his dowdy, overworked wife to seek sympathy and forgetfulness in other society, that his search for pleasure had ended in unfaith to me, I had one long bitter hour during which I drank deeply from the cup of humiliation. Then I pushed the cup from me and never looked into its muddy depths again.

THAT hour came, months after my return to my father's home. Ralph's remittances for the support of his family had been irregular, and so small that I began to wonder whether he would ever be able to have us rejoin him. When Aunt Miriam died and left me a goodly legacy, Mother talked frankly for the first time about my future and the children's. I was now a woman of independent means. She and Father had decided that I ought to know the truth about my husband, and to plan my life independent of his. The story of his indiscretions would not travel across the Pacific, to humiliate me and disgrace my children, but if I returned to Manila I could not escape its dark shadows.

Mother did not suggest divorce. She thought time would adjust our affairs, but that in the meantime I must protect my children. So, like the average woman similarly situated, torn between my sense of personal injury which demanded freedom, and love of my children which cried out for secrecy and compromise, I agreed to let matters drift.

When I had recovered from the shock, I wrote Ralph quite calmly. I announced Aunt Miriam's legacy, but did not mention the amount, and suggested that, under the circumstances, I had best remain in the States until the children were educated.

Ralph replied in the same perfunctory spirit, ignoring my references to his delinquencies—it was too bad that a continent and an ocean must separate us, but parenthood involved many sacrifices; we must make them cheerfully and look forward to the day when the children would be grown up and leave us free to live our own lives. In the meantime, he might, as I suggested, establish himself in some profitable business—the colonies presented various get-rich-quick opportunities.

I smiled bitterly over this letter. Right well I could see him, steeped in the lethargy of the semi-tropical life, dawdling at the office with an eye on the clock, his mind on the club-house porch, with its soft, drawling voices, its tinkling glasses, its shadowy corners.

SO I bought a cozy home in one of Boston's delightful suburbs. I remodeled it into the house o' my dreams, with a sun-parlor, a broad staircase broken by a great landing with an artistically stained window and deep-cushioned seats, a linen chute, a study for my son: all the features which are so simple and prosaic to the architect, so fairy-like in their charm for the woman who has suffered privation. I laid out a rose garden, and hung enchanted over an old sun-dial. I joined the parent-teacher association, went to concerts and read the new books. I provided music-, drawing- and dancing-masters for my children, and rejoiced when they were invited to the best homes in town. I counted my beads of contentment, as a woman will who has acquired, rather than married into, domestic tranquillity. Disappointment in my husband gave place to joy in my children.

But my peace of mind was shaken, my sense of security shattered, by the very hands I loved best, my children's. The material comforts and privileges which I supplied were not sufficient. Something our home life lacked, the presence and influence of a father. The children asked eager questions. When was Father coming back? I answered that he would return when he had made piles and piles of money. I pictured him as a brave knight, seeking treasures in a distant, dangerous land. I wanted to turn him into a dream figure which would gradually recede into the recesses of their memory, but Kenneth announced that he would rather get along without an automobile and have a real father, like Bob Sturgis had: Mr. Sturgis knew how to build forts, and sail boats and set up a wireless-telegraphy outfit for his son.



FIVE YEARS AGO I SAILED OUT OF MY HUSBAND'S LIFE, KNOWING THAT LOVE LAY DYING IN MY HEART

When Mr. Borden, our next-door neighbor, swung a hammock or laid out a croquet ground, my daughters watched with envious eyes. They had a more expensive hammock and a better croquet plot, but a hired man, not a father, was responsible for their presence. The cry of the children for their handsome, play-loving father, of whose shortcomings they were innocent, rang unceasingly in my ears. It was the proverbial dripping of water on stone. It left its relentless mark.

SO WHEN Ralph wrote that the doctor had advised him to transfer to the States for his health and that the Government had granted his application, his letter found my mind troubled and my will weakened by the appeals of those most dear to me. I was not narrow enough to accuse Ralph of wishing to come back because I could provide a comfortable, almost luxurious home. I realized that, as usual, he was merely indulging his desire for something different. Life in the Philippines had begun to pall. He was surfeited with the form of pleasure it represented, with empty, futile flirtations. Doubtless his children had now passed the age of juvenile ailments and restlessness:



KENNETH ANNOUNCED THAT HE WOULD RATHER GET ALONG WITHOUT AN AUTOMOBILE AND HAVE A REAL FATHER; AND WHEN OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR SWUNG A HAMMOCK OR LAID OUT A CROQUET GROUND, MY DAUGHTERS WATCHED WITH ENVOUS EYES

they would be agreeable companions, a source of pride. He had no idea of expressing regret for what had passed, or making any promises for the future. He figured that his unfailing good luck would carry him back into the bosom of his family.

My parents said I must decide whether he should be given a second trial: perhaps the long separation might have taught him to appreciate a good wife. I knew better, and his regeneration was not the question at issue. The argument which followed was between my two natures, the mother and the woman.

I know that Ralph will never change. He will always shift the burden of responsibility from his shoulders to mine. He will never be true to me. To command his admiration, I might transform myself into a siren, practising every allurements known to women, but in some fateful hour another woman would outshine me. Her allurements would outsparkle mine. Nor would I care for the allegiance which must be secured by art and artifice. The love I have dreamed of, has been something strong and sterling, created and held by the best within me—a love, I know now, that Ralph could never give.

So I am not deceiving myself, nor will I demean my womanhood. And all this I wrote to Ralph in the letter which my children fought to mail. I told him that I had decided to take him into our home life for the sake of his children, and for no other reason. They were paying too heavily for his selfishness and indiscretion and my pride. They were quivering under the idea that, for some reason, our home life, our family relations, differed from those of other families. If he was strong enough to maintain his position as their father and reflect no discredit on them, he might remain. But he could not return as my husband except in name. His past offenses I had forgiven, almost forgotten, but I was unwilling to take any chances on future revelations of unfaith. The one reprisal he could make was to contribute to the happiness of his children.

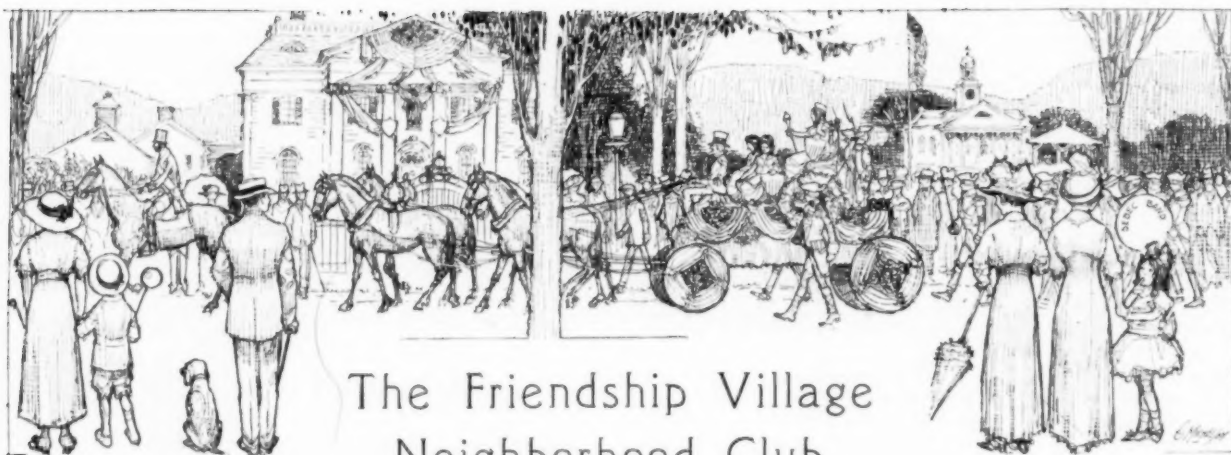
And yet even before he arrives, I am wondering whether the sacrifice will pay. Already I am asking whether I have really chosen the lesser of two evils, whether I will be able to turn a tranquil face to my children.

When Kenneth heard me give orders to have the nursery remodeled into a room and bath for his father, he remarked in puzzled fashion:

"Of course, it will be jolly to have father's room next to mine, but wouldn't you like to have him nearer you?"

The question rings in my ear like an evil prophecy. Am I wronging myself and Ralph in taking him back into our home, but not into my heart? Can I build happiness for my children on empty marriage forms, on daily deceit and hypocrisy? Must a woman pay always and forever the price of choosing unwisely the man who is to be the father of her children?

In this hour of my uncertainty I long to turn to other women who have passed through the same hard experience, and say to her who took him back: "Did the sacrifice bear the fruit you longed for? Were your children made stronger and better and happier because of it? Or did the presence of estrangement in the household, however concealed, communicate its destructive influence to them?" And to the woman who has claimed her right to individual freedom: "Did the price of your independence and the preservation of your dignity fall finally upon your children? Or were you big enough and strong enough to avert any consequences for them?" If they could know, these two women, how I long for their answer!



The Friendship Village Neighborhood Club

Conducted by ZONA GALE

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE FOURTH OF JULY?

A FEW years ago we began to look in one another's faces on the Fourth of July and ask whether the noise and riot and death of that day were really a fitting celebration of the fact that we are a free people. Being at heart a sound people, we decided that this celebration was not fitting, and we began legislation for a sane Fourth, with such immediate response that the old celebration, with its firecrackers and noise, is already a thing of the past.

This accomplished, we are now once more looking in one another's faces, and wondering if the result so far attained is all that is to be desired. Is the silence—since we do not use that silence—a fitting celebration? Is merely not-doing-anything—deadly a sane Fourth? Or is there discoverable some way whereby the spirit of the Fourth of July may be perpetuated without either doing something destructive or doing nothing at all?

Lately, we have heard repeatedly the word "constructive", as applied to methods, whether those of a mother with her baby or those of a people with a nation. Also, we hear the phrase "the gospel of substitution", applied no less widely than the word "constructive".

WE SAY:—That we must live not to destroy, but to construct; not so much to remedy, as to prevent; not alone to stop this and that to which we object, but to start this and the other.

That a mother or father must not forever be saying to a child, "Don't" do one thing; but that they must say "Do" something else.

That a city or town must not be intent on shutting up this and prohibiting that, unless it can and does put some-

thing infinitely better in the place of what it seeks to forbid.

That a nation must not develop a negative policy, but a positive policy.

That the whole world is not being alone torn down, but that it is being created; and that if we would work with it, we must never tear down without building anew.

So; having wisely torn down an unwise celebration, what are we going to build in its place?

This we can only determine by discussion. For this reason, every social center, club or other group would do well to arrange for this month's program a discussion about this new, empty Fourth of ours, and how to fill it up. And the first question which such a group should ask itself is:

"What is the Fourth of July for?"

IT IS not to celebrate a victory. Swinging one's hat is a childish performance. It is not to tell one another that this is the day on which we declared ourselves to be independent: we wake up in the morning knowing that. It is not even to honor the men who set aside the Fourth of July as a day of national celebration: they were not the kind of men who were so much interested in our honoring them as they were in our doing a number of other things which we have still to do. What, then, is the day for?

Is not Independence Day celebrated so that, just as far as possible, we may get back into the spirit of the Signers

of the Declaration of Independence, and feel about our country the way they felt about our country?

They felt that it must be a free land, the home of a free people, engaged in happy pursuits—happy work and happy

(Continued on page 64)

IF I WERE to be asked for a practical suggestion for the celebration of the Fourth of July in a small town, I think I would say something like this:

IN THE MORNING

A procession in which the life of the town shall be expressed, not only the commercial life, but all life. First, the mayor and the council or commission, and all the city employees, from elected officers to appointed janitors; then the city teams and horses, with prizes for the best-decorated wagons and the best-cared-for horses; the Fire Department, with its engines, hose-cart and other apparatus; the Water Department, with its sprinkling-carts; the telephone and telegraph companies; the Post Office, with all the carriers marching in uniform. Next, the farmers' wagons and horses, with prizes again; floats of the business houses; and floats of the different schools, with all the children marching.

IN THE AFTERNOON

Games on the village common or market square, in the park or high-school grounds; track athletics or baseball; and all the vacant lots thrown open for the little people.

IN THE EVENING

A mass-meeting on the town common, with some one who shall speak simply and greatly of the national life, of a town's part in it, and of the humblest citizen's part in the life of that town. And the singing of hymns together, religious, patriotic, full of all that men and women have long been feeling. And, after that, if you wish it so, fireworks.

That, I think, is my recipe for a Fourth-of-July celebration.

ZONA GALE

THE ART OF SALAD-MAKING

by Betty Lyle Wilson
Transcribed by Edith Stow



THE success of a salad depends upon a choice of ingredients that combine pleasantly, with one flavor predominating. It should be light in consistency, the ingredients merely tossed together. The less it is handled in making, the better. It must be cold, crisp and dainty, and arranged so that it is pleasing to the eye as well as to the taste.

Salads are usually served as a separate course of a luncheon or dinner. Sometimes, at the family table, a salad is made part of the regular dinner. In this case it should be strictly a vegetable salad in order to combine pleasantly with the meat.

Salad is served in a variety of ways. It may be passed in a bowl lined with lettuce leaves from which each may serve herself, or be placed on individual plates. Such devices as individual tomato or orange baskets, or green pepper or lettuce cups, are very attractive. A number of these cups or baskets, prettily garnished, may be arranged upon a platter and passed, or may be placed on individual dishes. Salads are sometimes congealed with gelatine or stock. They are then cooled in square tins and cut into squares for individual serving; run into little cups; set in a single large mold; or, prettiest of all, poured into a border mold, which is a pan made in a ring, like an angel-cake tin. After this congealed salad has set, it is turned out upon a pretty dish bedded with lettuce leaves, and dressing is piled high in the center.

These congealed salads are of two kinds. One has a gelatine foundation, usually with a little lemon-juice added. This is kept in delicate flavors, such as result from fruit or vegetable combinations. Sometimes the mayonnaise is added and congealed with the salad. The other kind is set with stock, to which are added such combinations of seasoning, vegetables and diced meats as are desired. It is molded by placing the vegetables in the bottom of the pan or mold, and pouring over these the seasoned stock when it is nearly cold. When such a salad is inverted upon the dish on which it is to be served, the vegetables will be found imbedded in the top of the form.

WHEN salad forms a separate course of a luncheon or dinner, wafers, breadsticks or cheesestraws are served with it. When it makes part of the light refreshments of a club affair, a reception, or party, sandwiches, rolls or biscuits are correct.

For fruit salads a cooked dressing is especially recommended. This is because fruit salads are delicate combinations, and the cooked dressing blends with them better than other dressings. The deliciousness of fruits depends upon the freshness of their flavors. Cooked dressing is

not mixed with a fruit salad, but is heaped on top or at one side of it. In eating, a little of the dressing is dipped up with each spoonful of the fruit, and in this way a perfect freshness is preserved. When oil mayonnaise is used with the fruits, it is added in the serving-room, and has soaked into them before the hour for serving has arrived, thus destroying their first fine flavor.

OIL mayonnaise dressing is usually used for meat salads, and some prefer it with fruits. When served with meat salads, a little of the dressing should be beaten stiff with whipped cream and heaped in a little pile on top of the salad. If served with fruits, it is well to stiffen the whole dressing with whipped cream. It keeps if placed in the refrigerator, though not so well as cooked dressing.

Meat or chicken salads can be served equally well with a cooked dressing. This is how I, myself, prefer them, and

how I prepare them for my own use. I suggest that those who require an oil mayonnaise, with chicken or other meat, mix the ingredients of their salad with the cooked dressing, and add oil mayonnaise to the top of it. The combination of the two is pleasing and is cheaper than the oil dressing.

This use of the cooked dressing with the oil mayonnaise has yet another advantage. In planning to serve a chicken or other meat salad, it is often convenient to cook and cut into small pieces the day before. Ordinarily, if this is done, the meat dries; and, in the case of white meats, discolors. If, however, the cooked dressing—which the housekeeper is advised to keep on hand—is blended through the meat, it will keep moist and in perfect color. At the last minute before serving, it is ready to mix with the other ingredients of the salad and prepare daintily

for the table. When used in this way, overnight, with cooked chicken or other meat, just enough is needed to keep the ingredients moist.

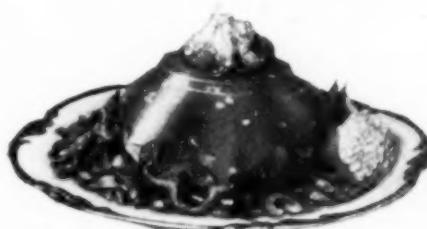
If the individual taste calls for a flavor of olive oil, some can be beaten into the cooked dressing. A little minced onion may also be added.

French dressing is a combination of olive oil with vinegar or lemon-juice, or both. It is a liquid dressing which can be kept on the table at all times, and is served with salads of vegetable or fruit. It is easily prepared and is often made at the table.

The first point in the study of salad-making is the handling of the lettuce. The object is to preserve its freshness. Once thoroughly wilted, its crispness cannot be restored. It is necessary always to keep it in some cool place. As soon as delivered by the grocer, it should be wrapped in paper to prevent the leaves from being bruised,



TOMATO ASPIC RING WITH COOKED DRESSING
AND PIMENTOS IN CENTER, GARNISHED
WITH GREEN PEPPER RINGS



CHICKEN ASPIC MOLD
GARNISHED WITH GREEN PEPPERS

and be put on ice. Oiled paper is best for this purpose, because, being soft, there is less danger of injuring the brittle leaves while wrapping it about them. When separating the leaves to wash them, search carefully for insects and dirt. The insects found upon them are very small, but can be discovered by holding the leaf between oneself and the light. Shake the water off the leaves and let them drain. Sometimes it is necessary to wipe each leaf dry with a soft cloth to remove all moisture. This is especially true when they are to be used with a fruit salad. A good rule is always to wipe the lettuce leaves when preparing them for a salad containing such juicy fruits as grape-fruit, orange or grapes.

Celery plays an important part in salad-making. It is used in practically all combinations, because it has a mild flavor which blends generally, and because of the pleasant crispness it adds. Like lettuce, it should be wrapped in paper and kept on ice. Water does not cling to celery as it does to lettuce, and yet in using it with juicy fruits it is well to dry the stalks with a cloth to prevent the whole salad from growing too thin. Many people throw away the celery hearts. These are really the most delicious part of the plant and should be diced and blended in.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING.—Yolks of seven eggs, one-half cupful vinegar, one-fourth cupful butter, one-fourth cupful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful black pepper, one-half teaspoonful celery seed, one-half teaspoonful prepared mustard, a little onion-juice if desired. Put the vinegar and butter in a double boiler. Beat the yolks very, very light. Add to them the other ingredients. When the vinegar is boiling hot, stir in the eggs and cook until thick. When thoroughly cold, add one half-pint of cream, whipped very stiff, and gently folded in. Beating or stirring the dressing too much brings it back to a loose, thin condition, but folding in the cream leaves it light and fluffy.

A RECEIPT calling for seven yolks seems at first thought to be extravagant; but, upon studying into the merits of this particular dressing, it will be found that this is not so. Baking day often leaves the housekeeper with a number of unused yolks. These can be made up into dressing; and, if stored in the refrigerator in a tightly-closed glass jar, will keep indefinitely. When planning to keep for some time, it is better to add the cream as the dressing is used; though, with the whipped cream blended in, it will keep for a week or ten days, if the refrigerator is thoroughly clean and sanitary.

Another reason why this dressing will be found inexpensive in the long run is that the cream need not necessarily be sweet. Since it is an acid dressing, sour cream answers quite as well. It is a good idea to place in a jar, part of the amount made for immediate use. Into this can be folded any little quantities of cream left on hand from time to time. It is not even necessary for it to be double cream, as simple cream, whipped as stiff as possible, may be disposed of in this way. Double cream is the extra thick, heavy kind guaranteed to whip stiff. Simple cream is thinner, and often, instead of whipping, merely beats up light and foamy. This is an excellent way to utilize the left-over tablespoonful of cream which might otherwise be wasted. A knowledge of how to use left-overs to their

best advantage is one of the most necessary and valuable results of a study of domestic science.

FRENCH DRESSING.—A tablespoonful of vinegar, a dash of cayenne pepper, three tablespoonfuls olive oil, one-fourth teaspoonful of onion-juice, one-fourth teaspoonful salt. Into a chilled cup put the salt, pepper and onion-juice. To this add the oil, and, lastly, while stirring constantly, add gradually the vinegar. Lemon-juice may be used in place of vinegar, if desired.

OIL MAYONNAISE.—The yolk of a hard-boiled egg, mashed well or run through the ricer, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, the yolk of a raw egg beaten and mixed with the other ingredients. Add oil very slowly, as much as desired. One pint is a good amount. Add lemon-juice or vinegar to taste.

The difficulty in making oil mayonnaise is to avoid having the oil separate from the other ingredients. This is a misfortune that sometimes happens. To prevent it the ingredients should be mixed in a chilled dish. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg required by the receipt just given also overcomes this by binding the ingredients together.

In making fruit salads, if juicy fruits are used, as oranges, grape-fruit or grapes, pour the juice off the prepared fruit or drain in a colander before combining. Never blend a fruit salad until

you are ready to serve it. Apples and bananas turn dark when exposed to the air. As soon as prepared, mix with the dressing, for the acid in it preserves their color; but if for any reason they have to stand before you assemble the in-

gredients, then squeeze lemon-juice over them, as this prevents discoloration.

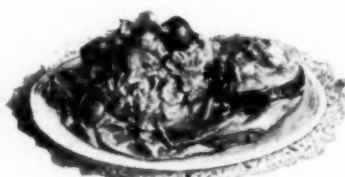
PEACH AND CHEESE SALAD.—One-half peach, fresh or canned, filled with Neuchatel cheese. Work the cheese smooth with cream, and season with salt and white pepper. Place this in the half peach and smooth off the top with a knife. Lay a cherry on top. Serve on lettuce leaves, with the dressing heaped at one side.

GRAPE-FRUIT AND CUCUMBER SALAD.—Use a small or medium-sized grape-fruit, cut in halves. With sharp scissors remove the heart of the fruit, making the cavity a little larger than usual. Loosen the sections of the fruit. Fill the cup thus formed with chopped cucumber. Before preparing the cucumbers, let them stand in cold salt water. The salt adds greatly to their taste. Serve with French dressing.

APPLE AND GRAPE SALAD.—One pound of Malaga grapes, four good-sized apples, one bunch of celery. Cut the celery into small pieces. Seed and peel the grapes. Dice the apples. Blend with cooked dressing, and serve on lettuce.

CELERY AND CHEESE SALAD.—Take one good bunch of celery, and two five-cent packages of Neuchatel cheese. Work the cheese smooth with cream, and season with salt and white pepper. Fill the cavity of the celery with cheese, smooth off the top, and cut into inch lengths. Serve on lettuce leaves. In order not to destroy the pretty effect of the salad sticks, heap the mayonnaise on one side of the plate

(Continued on page 71)



SWEETBREAD SALAD SERVED ON LETTUCE LEAVES, GARNISHED WITH OLIVES, WITH THE MAYONNAISE ON A SLICE OF GREEN PEPPER



A TEMPTING SALAD OF GRAPE-FRUIT AND CUCUMBER



APPLE AND GRAPE SALAD IN ORANGE BASKET

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STAR

by a Woman & an Actress

I WAS always considered "the odd one of the family". This, not because I was third in a family of five, for the oddness, according to the neighborhood estimate, was not a matter of numerals but of character. I was different, and this fact, unforgivable in a small community, made me the subject of conversation and the cause of many fears for my future.

Part of my oddness lay in the fact that I had moods. The moods varied, but they were always marked and wholly unmistakable. Neighbors gossiping over back fences said, with unkind glances at me: "She would be better for a good switching, but that queer, no-account father of hers won't allow it." I made faces at them, and they told my mother. She threatened to whip me, but she never did, for on that point my father was firm. Dear Dad! I didn't care what the neighbors thought of me, but their words about my father stung. We were chums, and had a canny understanding of each other. Both of us puzzled and exasperated mother.

She was a New Englander, with a tongue that matched her features. In her youth she may have had a certain delicate prettiness, but, from the time I can remember, her features were worn to unpleasant sharpness and her face had always a worried look. The other children were like her. They were hard workers and had "faculty". Their highest ambition was to "get along". Dad was of another sort. He had an Irish name and an Irish nature. His big blue eyes, in which imps sometimes danced, were often saddened by the pain of life. His temperament ran always to Celtic extremes. He was gay as a boy or gloomy beyond expression. His laugh was a joy, but there were times when he would go into his room alone, and hours when that room was as silent as a death chamber.

HE HAD married when he was nineteen and my mother was seventeen. It was a boy-and-girl match which they both frankly regretted. He became a railway clerk and remained one; we are likely to become stationary in work for which we have neither taste nor fitness. His life, between the demands of a large family and the supply of a small salary, was one long struggle.

With him, life meant a succession of moods. Either the sun shone with overwhelming brilliance or suffered a total eclipse. The mood of my awakening was the key of my day. Sometimes I would awake cheerful and full of imaginings. That day I would be "Mrs. Senior". Nobody knew who "Mrs. Senior" was, nor do I. But that day on which I was she, I became a creature of amazing amiability. I dragged from the bureau a ragged old lace curtain past its usefulness, and draped it over my coarse gingham frock. I twisted my hair-ribbon into a tiara, strutted before the mirror, and conversed with unseen persons in strange words. All day Mrs. Senior would go about in her lace curtain, her eyes on her invisible companions, chatting with them, laughing at them, courtesying



I DRAGGED FROM THE BUREAU A RAGGED OLD LACE CURTAIN AND DRAPED IT OVER MY COARSE GINGHAM FROCK

ing to them and coquetting with them. My mother, on a day that she had a nervous headache, was irritated beyond endurance by my actions. My father returning from his work found her with hand raised, and me looking beyond her with the preoccupied look of one who did not see.

At a glance from my father her hand fell to her side.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Look at that queer child," she complained. "She's Mrs. Senior again, and she's kept up those crazy actions all day until

I can't stand it another minute."

"But you say she's always good-natured when she's Mrs. Senior?"

"Yes."

"Then let her alone. It's much better than her sulks."

For on most of the other days I was "hard to get along with". I quarreled with my sister while I wiped the dishes for her. The beds I made had to be unmade. The only household duties for which I could be depended upon were feeding the canary and nursing the broken-legged dog that, wandering in from the alley, had dragged itself to me after one searching glance at the five faces of myself and brothers and sisters. At school I was as fitful as at home. My teacher called one day, and I listened at the keyhole. I heard my mother's voice saying irritably: "I don't know what to do with her, Miss Brown. She's the strangest child I ever saw, as uncertain as April weather."

BUT she's not a bad child," returned Miss Brown, "only unusual. Her marks are dreadfully low in arithmetic, but she knows every verse in the Fifth Reader by heart, and she recites them all beautifully. When she recites *Lord Ullin's Daughter* her voice trembles, and there's a sob in it. It brings tears to my eyes, and little Jane Collins cried aloud the other day. I wish you would come in some Friday and hear her speak a piece."

"I haven't time," said my mother. "And I wish you wouldn't encourage her in such nonsense. She's queer enough now. She's the heaviest cross of my life. If she were only like Mollie!—she's going to take the infant class in Sunday-School next week. Or like Sue—she's got such a head for figures that the grocer says he'll make her his bookkeeper in the next vacation."

"I think if we could give her a chance to study elocution, she might give readings like that lovely young girl who came here from the Capital last spring. She gave the minuet, you know, in a powdered wig. And she recited *Aux Italiens* so she had everyone crying."

"Nonsense!" I had never heard mother's tone so rough. "I would rather see her in her coffin than traipsing around the country doing such silly, scandalous things." Miss Brown hastily left.

Father must have heard a version of this conversation, whether from Mother or Miss Brown, I do not know, but the next Friday when I stepped upon the school platform

to recite the magnificently defiant "Speech of Regulus", he looked up from a desk into which he could scarcely crowd his bulky figure. His eyes were bigger and bluer than I had ever seen them. He smiled and nodded encouragingly at me. After choking once or twice from nervousness and embarrassment, I began the old speech that has tried the power of so many pupils, and before I had spoken two lines I saw no longer my father, nor Miss Brown, pale and proudly tremulous, nor the children staring at me, as they always did when I "spoke a piece". I saw only the weather-beaten warrior in his pride, his splendid courage, and I threw forth his words, not at the man and woman and children in the dingy little schoolroom, but at the tribunal which waited to pass sentence of death upon him. When I had finished, the wave of emotion rolled back, and I saw again the pupils, the teacher, and dear Dad, but as figures a long way off, and, my knees shaking from excitement, I started to my seat.

IF YOU'RE not too tired, dear, recite *Lord Ullin's Daughter*," said Miss Brown.

"I'll forgive your Highland chief," I wailed, looking across not worn desks but tumbling waters. And in the distance I desecrated not my lovable, boyish father bulking absurdly at a small desk, but a frail sailboat capsizing before a hungry tempest on the sea.

"My daughter!" I sobbed, "oh, my daughter!"

Real tears poured down my cheeks. I trembled, and groped my way to the teacher's desk for support.

Miss Brown placed a kindly arm about my shoulders in a supporting embrace. "Steady, dear! And show your father how light and gay you can be. Can you remember *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*?"

I nodded, and in an instant had forgotten Regulus' danger and the stormy death of Lord Ullin's daughter, and was mincing and coquetting through the fantastic wooing and consequent wedding.

The children clapped and stamped as Miss Brown always permitted them to do after I "spoke my pieces", and, when school closed, Dad swung me up in his arms and kissed me before the roomful of departing pupils.

Mother would have been horrified had she seen him. That was what made my father and me alien spirits in our own family. It was the same quality that sets players apart from other men and women. Their natures and lives tend constantly toward expression. They reflect their emotions as a mirror reflects passing figures; or a dewdrop, the colors of the sunbeam. The actor's face is mobile and mirror-like. That of the layman is as nearly a mask to conceal his emotions as he can make it. The actor gesticulates when a gesture will emphasize his speech. To those not of the acting profession, gestures are forbidden. Most persons, like my mother, teach, in schools and out of them, that exceeding expressiveness of face and any gestures whatever are bad form. Expression, repression: these represent the two poles of human nature. They constitute the primal difference between the actor and the layman.

DAD, gripping my hand very tightly, and his face more illuminated than I had ever seen it, tried to tell me something like this as we walked toward home together. "Mavournen"—he dropped into the sweet old Erinisms only when most deeply moved—"you're different from the rest of the children. The others are your mother's children, say I. But you, you little witch, you're mine, every bit of you. You're a pendulum 'twixt a smile and a tear, that's what ye are. Them people suffer frightfully, but how madly happy they are when the joy seizes them. It's worth while, I think. Anny way, you can't help it. It's in ye, and to stay."

He stopped, and his face, that had been laughing, was very sad. He lifted my chin in his hand and looked into my eyes.

"I wonder what the world holds for ye, my little girl!" He spoke softly. "Trouble, lots of it, for you've got the

feelin' for it clear to your wee toes. But you've got the power, too, to strangle it. Lord love ye!"

His mood changed so quickly it would have startled anyone but me. "Now, run along home," he said, and added shamefacedly: "And you needn't tell your mother I went to the school. But I'll see what I can do for ye, darlint. I'll study it out."

A week after that Dad was carried home on a litter covered with an old gray blanket. While crossing the tracks from the railroad office where he had worked for fifteen years, tracks he had crossed at all hours, day and night, he had been struck by an express train. The other children huddled together in a corner, looking scared. I screamed wildly and flung myself across the gray blanket, blindly embracing the still figure beneath it. In that instant I had a vision of why Dad died. He had been "studying it out", as he had promised, and with head bent, in deep thought of what he could do for his queer child, his "own, ivery inch of her", his gay, irresponsible, frustrated life had been wiped out as by the sponge with which I had cleansed my slate at school that afternoon.

It happened that the superintendent of the division was in town. He called the afternoon of the funeral, and he and mother discussed the family future.

"My children are all handy and manageable but that one. I've never known what to make of her," said Mother. The railroad man looked at me. His eyes lost their resemblance to steel rails.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Fourteen," I answered in a spent, shaking voice.

Fate did me a kindly turn by sending my teacher to call while the superintendent of the division was in our little home.

IT'S a good plan to start a boarding-house. Mollie can help you about the house," said that kindly soul, "and Sue can take the work the grocer offered her. It's near vacation-time."

Miss Brown's eyes came round to me. With the audacity of an anarchist she flung a bomb into the family circle, patting my curls with one thin hand the while. "If only we could put you on the stage, dear," she said.

My mother looked at Miss Brown as though the teacher had suddenly gone insane. My sister's eyes bulged. One of my brothers giggled. The railroad official did not look in the least surprised. "Given talent for it, it is the best-paying profession for women," he said.

"But aren't they all wicked people?" My mother's words seemed to choke her.

"They differ according to their personal standards, as do the members of any other profession. Every girl who earns her living anywhere, and every girl who doesn't, meets temptation. Character and training strengthen her to meet them. If you will give your consent, I think I may be able to do something." The superintendent looked thoughtfully at me. "I ship a good many companies over our road. If the chance comes, madam, I advise you to let her go. If you don't, she will probably go anyway. It's a serious thing to bend a life away from the direction for which it is intended. Many parents do this, and all of them regret it."

Mother looked discontentedly in my direction. "I don't know what to do with her. She's of no account about the house."

Two weeks later our town was stirred to its core by an unusual experience. A theatrical troupe came to town. On the ash-barrels and board fences were spread huge, grotesque pictures of a yellow woman holding a blue boy in her arms and screaming: "Heaven help me! He is dead!" At noon, while Mother was scolding because I had put a clean table-cloth on the table instead of turning the soiled one, a tall, pale, unusual-looking man passed the window, and I heard his footstep at the door, then his loud, decisive knock. I opened the door and looked up into a sad, sensitive face, with dark eyes, large and soft as a woman's.

(Continued on page 76)



HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH!



This rousing Fourth-of-July song will be found most effective for an open-air chorus or school exercises. It should be sung with vim and force, and the interpolated cheers given with a will.

Words and Music by
CRUDUP VESEY

With energy

1. Then hurrah for the Fourth, the glorious Fourth of July, Banners fly! Boom - te - ray! the
2. Great — hap-pi-ness, peace and plenty is ours to-day, And al-way. Our fa-thers fought, our

R. H.

L. H.

bands they play Boom - te - rah! from near and far, Then give three cheers for the flag as she floats in the
free-dom bought, Give a cheer for the na - tion dear, Our glo - rious land is un - der no ty - rant's

(Cheers.) REFRAIN.

sky! Hey! Hey! Hey! The Stars and Stripes will reign for - ev - er, In this land so good and
sway. Hey! Hey! Hey!

R. H.

L. H.

true..... For they float o'er A - mer - i - ca, the land of freedom, Then hur - rah for the Red, White and Blue!

THE WINGED TEMPTATION

by Mary Imlay Taylor
Illustrated by David Robinson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—When Peter Gerrish, visiting American, attends with his friends the wedding festivities of the charming Princess Udine, it is only to find that the bride-to-be has disappeared. Not till later does he realize that the young woman whom he had just that afternoon taken, incognito, for a ride in his airship, landing her near Rome, at her request, was the fleeing bride. Having arrived in Italy as trustee of funds left her by her American grandfather, it becomes his duty to trace the Princess, who is also being anxiously sought by the Duke de Cagliari, uncle and guardian, who has, unknown to her, misappropriated a great portion of her fortune. The search leads to Paris, where Peter finds the Princess, falls in love, and is just about to disclose his knowledge of her affairs when he is arrested on a charge of abducting the Princess, made by the Duke. While he is fretting and fuming behind bars, the Princess is being spirited away in the big touring-car of her uncle. An accident to the car brings about an enforced pause at a wayside inn, where this chapter opens, just as Antonio, the son and undesired bridegroom, discovers in the sky a faint speck—which might be an airship!

CHAPTER X

THE Duke and Antonio watched the airship anxiously. "It's undoubtedly the American's," said the Duke, handing his field-glasses to his son; "M. Duval and Antoine Merot, the other competitors, have Bleriot; this is not a Bleriot."

"*Diavolo!*" murmured young Cagliari; "it is evidently that animal."

"If he should descend!" wailed the Duchess softly, clutching at the Duke's arm.

"It would be most unfortunate," he admitted gloomily.

Antonio was more cheerful. "He can't come down, *padre mio*. If he comes down here, he loses the Grand Prix."

"You can never tell what an American will do," retorted his father.

"That's what is the matter with Victoria," lamented the Duchess.

"Do you think it is possible that she expected this adventurer here?" suggested her son shrewdly.

THE Duchess started and changed color. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed; "I never thought—the little minx!"

The Duke raised a deprecating hand. "Hush!" he cautioned, "Victoria is not like that, Teresa; let her alone."

"How do you know what she is like?" cried his wife indignantly; "has she not already disgraced us? If we let her alone, she will ruin us."

"He intends to come down," announced the Duke abruptly.

There was, indeed, no doubt of it. The aeroplane was gliding slowly and smoothly toward earth, the sun flashing on its yellow planes and its delicate aerilons.

"It is, as I thought, the American," said the Duke, and he called to Pasquale to hurry with the repairs on their car.

"If we were only in the Roman hills now," said Antonio, with his brilliant smile.

"What would you do with his airship?" she retorted bitterly.

"Break its wings," he replied; and, glancing at the inn window, he added, in a low voice, "Victoria is looking on!"

The Duchess turned, and, seeing the girl behind the shutters, hurried into the house.

Peter knew that the Princess was there; he had a description of the Cagliari car, and had been trailing it

through the air. Discovering it, evidently up for repairs, in the road, he had promptly descended. It had been an exciting chase.

But it takes so much longer to land an aeroplane than to start a motor-car that, after all, they came near getting away.

As he walked up through the hollyhocks, Pasquale announced to the Duke that the car was ready to go. In a moment there was a stir in front of the inn, and the Cagliari belongings were rapidly replaced in the tonneau. The Duke himself went in search of the Duchess and the Princess. So it was that Peter found no one by the motor but the young Conte di Cagliari.

ANTONIO greeted him with unabashed good humor. "We meet always under new circumstances, Signor," he said easily. "I thought you were to compete for the Grand Prix."

"Instead, I'm looking for you and your father," replied Peter coolly; "and, fortunately, you can't interfere by having me arrested on imaginary charges."

"You arrive like a comet!" mocked the young count suavely.

Peter faced him scornfully, the two men regarding each other. It was a poignant moment; in his own way, each despised the other.

Watching them with a peculiar interest stood Pasquale. He was a very useful, as well as an accomplished, servant, and singularly attached to Antonio, but, in the neighborhood of the Castel Calimara, it was said that Pasquale had the evil eye.

Meanwhile, the Duchess and Victoria had reached the last bridge.

"I absolutely forbid you to speak to him!" said the former angrily.

Victoria flushed deeply. "You have no authority to forbid me, Duchess," she replied coldly, with a new dignity. "I will certainly speak to Mr. Gerrish. It was entirely my fault that I went in his airship. I—I almost asked to go."

"You humiliate me," cried the Duchess, horrified. "You ought to be ashamed to speak to him after that!"

"I am," said Victoria; "it makes me shiver to—to think what he may think. But I felt as if I would die if I had to—to marry Antonio that day!"

Antonio's mother gave her a withering look. "Pardon me," she said, with injured dignity; "I don't understand you. Perhaps it's American."

"Perhaps it is," replied Victoria. "I know it's fearfully rude, but you drove me to it!" she added, with a little angry sob; "I—I wish you'd leave me alone."

"You're breaking my heart," retorted the Duchess. "You're mortifying us all to death. I believe you love that flying man."

Victoria turned crimson. The older woman had suddenly revealed her own heart to her. She turned away; her hands trembled.

"You surely love him," cried the angry Duchess. "You—"

But the Duke interrupted. He had come to the door unperceived. "Teresa!" he said sharply. "The car is ready; we leave at once. Come, Victoria!"

"She won't come," cried the Duchess.

"You can't stay here alone, Victoria," argued the Duke. "I trust you do not think of such a thing."

"I've wired for Madame Moselle," replied Victoria, very pale now. "I—I will not go to Rome."

The Duke looked aghast at his wife. She held up both hands. "I'm ashamed of her!" she wailed. "I can do nothing."

Victoria abruptly left the room. She was very angry, and she was harassed and lonely. She did not want to face Peter. She crossed the hall to a little room over the garden and went to the window. The perfume of the hollyhocks was there, and the bees. She did not know what to do; she could not stay there alone, and if Madame Moselle did not come at once she would be in a strange predicament. Yet she would not go with them. She leaned her head against the window-frame and closed her eyes.

Then she heard Peter's voice.

HE WAS standing below the window, bare-headed, and he looked very young, very boyish, very devoted. She blushed with pleasure, but she tried to frown.

"I thought you were going to win the Grand Prix de la Vitesse, Mr. Gerrish," she remarked, "but I see you've come down."

"I had to choose between the Grand Prix and offering my services to the Princess Udine," said Peter in a low voice, "and I'm here."

"You're very good," she faltered, looking away to hide the fact that she was almost in tears again.

"Your friends in Paris are very anxious about you," Peter went on hurriedly, deeply troubled by the signs of her distress. "Poor old Madame Moselle is in tears; can't I send a message?"

"Oh, I've sent for her," said Victoria softly.

"I came all the way to see you," said Peter. "Count Antonio has just told me that you're going to marry him," he added, in a low voice; "is it true?"

She did not answer; she caught the tall, swaying head of the hollyhock and looked at the flowers, her face as rosy as their petals.

Peter watched her with a sinking heart. At last, he spoke with an effort.

"I must tell you the truth first," he said slowly, "if you will let me. They have really robbed you of your great estate."

"Are you sure?" she asked, very low.

Their eyes met; a quiver passed over her face; her lips trembled. He came closer below the window.

AT THE FOOT OF THE MEADOW SHE FOUND HIM—FACE DOWNWARD ON THE GRASS, QUITE STILL



"I unhappily have the proofs to show you," he said. "I hated to speak of it, yet I'm your lawyer, don't you see?"

She nodded, looking at the hollyhocks.

"If the airship were here now, Princess, below this window, would you go?"

The hollyhock was still interesting. "Don't ask me," she said; "I've caused scandal enough! I ought to go back now; I must."

"Must you?" Peter took a quick step up on the ledge of stone, and his hand just reached the sill of her window. "I—Forgive me," he went on, in a low voice; "I can't be still under it—I'm only human—and I love you!"

She suddenly hid her face in her hands; even her ears were pink.

"A while ago I thought you too rich, too great a lady, to listen; but I'm human—I can't keep still. Besides, these people have robbed you, and you're willing to save them." His own lips trembled. "I'm just a plain, humdrum, untitled American, but I love you. I can't see you sacrificed, Victoria."

She would not look up.

"Victoria, do you love him, that fellow?"

At that she made an expressive little gesture, her eyes tear-stained. "No," she said, "a thousand times, no! But—oh, what are we saying? Why—why, I don't really know you. It's quite shocking!"

"Victoria"—

his hand clasped over hers on the sill—"I've known you always. I must have, for I love you. Will you trust me to defend you against them?"

She gave him a beautiful look. "Oh," she said, "please—please save me from them. I'm afraid of them, I am; really!"

"Trust me for that," he whispered, "I—"

(Continued on page 79)

THE BEAUTIFUL

by Zilpha Leonard Hull
Illustrations by Frank Snapp



MISS MEAKER loved *The Beautiful*. There was no room for doubt. In the first flush of enthusiasm over her discovery, she took to pinning up on the walls of her room the likenesses of the Most Beautiful Women in America, as supplied by *The Herald* every Sunday morning. The series ran for several months, and, amid such a superabundance of *The Beautiful*, Miss Meaker became critical. Moreover, her limited wall space could not accommodate them all, so that, by the time summer was over and *The Herald* had substituted *World's Champions for Fair Women*, she had discarded all but a scant half-dozen.

Every evening, after she had washed the grime of the office from her own unbeautiful features, and had mended—perchance, washed and ironed—whatever portions of her wardrobe required such ministrations in order to be ready for the morrow, she would sit down and contemplate the lovely faces of her six goddesses and endeavor to decide which was the brightest, most particular star of them all. But, at length, after careful deliberation and painstaking comparison of points, the decision was made. And, though she could have wished the choice had fallen on some lady of high degree instead of on a typist in a New York office, she conscientiously unpinned the stars of lesser magnitude, and, henceforth, Miss Valencia Medora Clagmore beamed down in uncontested loveliness upon the poor little furnishings of Miss Matilda Meaker's fourth floor back.

IT WAS something to look forward to all day, that bright, happy, young face; but after the lonely, dreary Christmas-time had come and gone, Miss Matilda began to yearn for some closer touch, some more responsive intercourse, with her Beautiful One. And then it was that her inspiration caught her, held her, would not let her go until the deed was done. And, lo! before she knew it, Miss Meaker had crossed her Rubicon, had written an eager, pleading letter to Miss Valencia Medora Clagmore—"Vally", as she had long since begun to call her. With trembling fingers she addressed her missive to the little Vermont town from which this modern Venus had come, placing "Please forward" conspicuously in one corner—and began to count the days. Four passed, five, a week. Matilda gave herself up to despair, gazing with dull eyes at the smiling face upon the wall. And then the wonderful, the unbelievable, happened.

It came—a short, surprisingly childish epistle. Over and over she conned it until every word was stamped forever on her hungry heart.

Dear Miss Meaker—It was very, very kind of you to write me. Yes, indeed, I do get tired sometimes, the same as you do. I guess it isn't very different where I work, from where you do. I'm so glad you think I am pretty and have hung me up in your room, and I'll answer all your letters whenever you write to me. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance.

Very truly yours,

Valencia Medora Clagmore.

The face Miss Matilda raised to the pictured one was transfigured with joy. Her Beautiful One had written,

had asked for further letters, and all the world was flooded with a wonderful, roscate light.

The correspondence grew apace. And, though Matilda never quite reached the point of addressing Miss Valencia Medora as "My dearest Vally", as in her inmost soul she dreamed of one day doing, and though Miss Clagmore adhered primly to "My dear Miss Meaker", the letters grew more and more confidential, more and more intimate. Matilda learned that Beauty was not at a premium in sordid, mercenary New York; that the pittance earned by lovely Valencia Medora was even less than her own meager salary; learned, too, that her Beautiful One was most modest concerning her own great charms; did not, in fact, consider herself anywhere near as pretty as *The Herald* picture; learned at last, late in September, that even the tiny pittance had failed, and that "Vally" was facing the winter in New York, alone, unprotected, and all but penniless.

IT WAS a pathetic little letter that brought this last news, and Matilda felt her heart contract as she read it. For a long, long time she sat on the edge of the bed, staring into space with blurred, unseeing eyes. Then, slowly, her vision cleared, her eyes commenced to glow, her fallow cheeks to burn. Her glance swept irresolutely over the scantily furnished twelve-by-twelve room. For a strange tumult was going on in Miss Matilda's breast. Did she guess that, as she sat there, the long-denied mother-love in her maiden heart had suddenly burst from a bud into a wonderful flower, which, before she moved, would ripen into perfect fruit? A breathless, palpitating question rose to her lips. Dared she? Could she? At once her glance grew alert and keen. Another cot could easily stand opposite her own—by disposing of one rickety chair and the table. Then there would be untold space for extra boxes under the new bed. As to the other thing, the main thing, that, too, could be managed—somehow! She could do all of her washing at home. She could get some sewing to do evenings. "Vally" might even work at her typewriter here beside her, until a position could be found for her downtown.

IT WAS not until after the letter had been written and posted that Matilda, combing her hair before the small, ghastly mirror, suddenly paused with upraised arm and watched the color fade from her cheeks, the light from her eyes, leaving a startled, terrified woman staring back at her.

On that night when she had written her first letter to Valencia Medora, she had enclosed with the pink sheet a picture. "Her own humble face", the letter had described it. Poor Matilda! Fearful that only Beauty could be loved by *The Beautiful*, she had pulled from under the cot the box wherein she had placed the five other fair ones when Valencia Medora was made queen. Deliberately, carefully, she had torn the tell-tale superscription from above a Madonna-like face, and, folding the picture precisely, had placed it in the pink envelope. Some risk she ran, she knew. But the chance was small, and Miss Matilda desperate.

And Valencia Medora had not recognized it. But now—the comb clattered to the floor, and, with a long shuddering breath that ended in a sob, she turned away and sank into a chair. Matilda's day of reckoning had come!

Ten days later Miss Meaker walked boldly into the manager's office and asked for a half-holiday. The occurrence was unprecedented. The manager deliberated. Miss Matilda, having for once the courage of a fixed determination, reminded him that in five years of service she had never asked for five minutes off. As a result, Wednesday afternoon found the courageous one where she could never remember having been at that hour of the week—in her own room. Never had such confusion reigned within its walls. Gradually, however, order was brought out of chaos, and at four o'clock Matilda sat down with a sigh of content to view the result of her labors. The tiny table that once stood against the rear wall had been recklessly presented to the fourth floor middle and a new cot crowded carefully in between the window and the door. The small chest of drawers had been pushed close against Miss Meaker's bed to make room for the one other new piece of furniture she had considered it necessary to buy, a small, cheap shirt-waist box, an article having the double advantage of being at the same time a repository for clothes and a resting-place for their wearer. On the low chest stood a bunch of somewhat dreary-looking pink roses purchased from a street vender.

THOUGH she had worked with swift, untiring energy, it was not physical fatigue that weighted her feet and dragged at her arms as she put on her carefully brushed and pressed coat, and her prim, unbecoming hat, and, standing before the glass, laboriously swathed her head in a thick blue veil. For a moment she glared scornfully at the uncouth reflection. Then, with a fierce movement, she tore the chiffon from her face and tossed it into an open drawer.

"No more shams!" she cried aloud. "I'm done with 'em, for good and all! I guess as long as it's got to be, it might as well come first as last!"

The through train, they told her, was fifty minutes late. But at last it came, the gate swung open, and she pushed up the platform with the rest of the hurrying throng. Utterly panic-stricken now, standing her ground only because she must, she scanned the faces of the crowd. Once her heart gave a great leap, but the girl hurried straight by her and into the arms of a woman just behind. No one else so much as glanced in her direction. She had not come! Matilda drew a long sobbing breath, half-bitter regret, half-immeasurable relief. It was better so. Suddenly her heart rose in her throat and suffocated her. For there, among the very last stragglers, weighted down with

a monstrous valise, came a young girl in a trim blue suit and a small plain hat, and on her lapel fluttered a bow of scarlet. Matilda stood rooted to the platform, her breath coming fast, her eyes glued to the approaching figure. The girl was very close before she caught sight of the modest bit of color in Miss Matilda's buttonhole, but, as she did so, she dropped the huge satchel with a thud, started impulsively forward and then stopped short a few feet away and clasped her hands together, her face beginning to work strangely.

"Oh, please! please!" she cried.

That was all, but Matilda knew. Her face grew suddenly old and haggard, her lips trembled. Through the wide meshes of the girl's veil she could see the thin white little face, the big, dark-ringed eyes—such a pitifully different face from the one she had expected to see, so sadly changed since the proud day when Cline and Gould had photographed it for *The Herald*. Matilda's heart yearned over it, but she did not stir, and her voice, when she found it, sounded remote and cold in her own ears.

"I'm sorry," she said dully; "I oughter not let you done it. I'm dreadful sorry, but, maybe, now you're here, you'll come home with me just for a bit? You can go back whenever you say the word. I'll see you get back to New York. I guess I'm bound to do that much."

The blue eyes staring helplessly into hers widened into frightened appeal.

"You're goin' to send me back!" the girl wailed.

"Here, you!" broke in a gruff voice behind them; "here's another train comin' in here. You'd better be movin' along."

DUMBLY Matilda and Valencia Medora took hold of the valise and stumbled down the long platform; without a

word they made their way into the waiting-room and sought the nearest vacant seats. Valencia Medora's eyes, strained, beseeching, looked up into Matilda's. Matilda's, resolute but filled with infinite tenderness, looked back.

It was the girl who made the first move. Timidly, shrinkingly, she laid her hand on Miss Matilda's arm.

"Oh, please, Miss Meaker, I never meant to do anything wrong, at first. You see, Dora—I mean Valencia Medora—she's my cousin. I'm only Mary Caroline." She stumbled on breathlessly. "We worked in the same place and she let me answer your letter, just for fun. She had so many friends, and I didn't have any. And, afterwards, I couldn't tell you, though I always meant to, some time. Then Dora—I mean Valencia Medora—got married a while

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MATILDA'S DAY OF RECKONING HAD COME

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY

Lesson VII - Hats for Children

by Evelyn Tobey



NO MILLINERY work is half so satisfying as making attractive hats for the children of the family. Results gained even in the simplest fashion become, on a child's head, tremendously effective. So, this month, our lesson will be on hats for children.

A mushroom hat (Fig. 2) is becoming to almost any child, and for those of you who have followed the lessons the only new work will be in shaping the brim and the frame for the crown. Four yards of white frame wire and a yard of white cape net or crinoline will form the frame. A piece of pale blue yedda straw is used for the top, and only forty inches of six-inch shadow lace will be required for the frill, which drops from the top of the side crown to the edge of the brim.

The brim is faced with shirred net cut in a strip four and one-half inches wide and about sixty inches long. It is trimmed with a row of forget-me-nots and pink buds at the top of the lace frill, and with four bows of golden brown velvet ribbon about one-half inch wide (twenty inches for each bow) placed at the front, back and at each side.

TO MAKE a pattern for the hat—and, by the way, you will be able to cut all your own patterns after this lesson—draw a circle on a piece of paper with a radius of seven inches, which makes a circumference of forty-four inches. Cut from within this a circle with a radius of three and three-quarter inches. Cut out the larger circle and fold it over in half, double it again and then double it a third time. Open out and slash up each one of the resulting eight creases to within one-quarter inch of the inner hole (Fig. 4). Pin each section to its neighbor with a lap of three-quarters of an inch. The pattern is now the necessary thirty-eight inches around instead of its original forty-four (Fig. 5). Cut it open on one side and lay it on a double piece of the crinoline or cape net.

In cutting the crinoline, allow one inch on one side of the slash for lapping over. Sew the two sides together, and buttonhole a piece of frame wire to the edge and to the headline of the brim, allowing three inches lap for each wire. In sewing the wire hold it on the under side of the edge and even with it, rather than on the very edge. Take the stitches about one-half inch apart and with the thread tight, so that the wire will hold firm to the frame. The crown frame is made of two pieces, the tip or top and the side crown. For the pattern of the top, cut a circle using a three-and-a-half-inch radius. Lay this pattern on a double piece of the crino-

line or cape net, cut out on the edge of the pattern and buttonhole a piece of frame wire around the edge, lapping the wire two inches. The side crown is three and one-half

inches high, measures twenty-six inches at the bottom and twenty-two and one-half inches at the top. To make this pattern, cut a straight strip of paper twenty-six inches long and three and one-half inches wide. Fold this strip in half once, then fold this double strip in half, and this again in half, so that opened up it will have seven creased lines in it. Slash on each one of these creased lines to within a quarter of an inch of one long edge. Lap each slash one-half inch, then lap the ends of the strip one-half inch. Pin all the lappings. Open the paper side crown by cutting through from one edge to the other, and cut the doubled crinoline by it (Fig. 6), allowing one inch for a lap at one end.



FIG. 1.—A FETTERING LACE BONNET FOR THE LITTLE MAID



FIG. 2.—A CHILD'S MUSHROOM HAT



FIG. 3.—A STRAW DERBY FOR SCHOOL USE

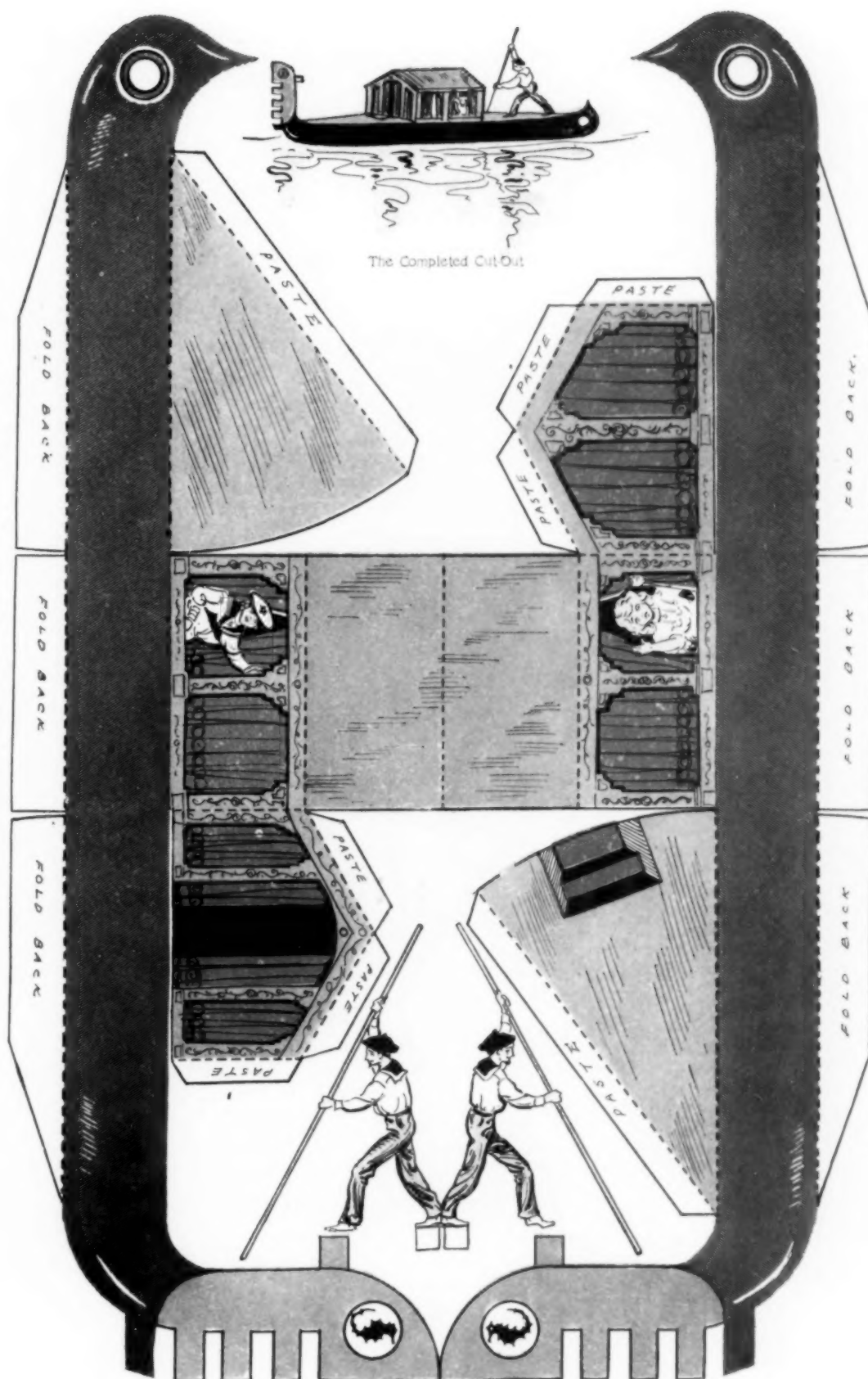
BEFORE you sew up the seam buttonhole the shorter edge to the wired edge of the circular top piece. Seam the side crown and buttonhole a piece of wire to the lower edge. Lap this wire about three inches. Now the crown may be pinned over the head-size of the brim and sewed firmly. The lower edge of the side crown will set over the head-size circle and rest on top of the brim. To cover the frame, first bind the edge of the brim with a piece of straw folded along the center, and one and one-half inches longer than the edge. Finish by separating the strands of the braid through the middle for about one inch. Sew half of these strands on one side of the brim and half on the other. Lay the edge of the first row of braid even with the edge of the hat, thus covering the upper surface of the binding.

The manner of sewing straws was described in the April lesson. When you are finishing the small circles in the center of the crown use pins to arrange them—and take great care to keep them flat. Punch a hole in the tip of the crown of the frame and draw the end of the braid through this hole to the inside of the hat. A well-made man's sailor will show you how gradually the circles fade into the very center of the crown.

TO FACE the brim, shirr the strip of net over a wire circle thirty-eight inches in circumference. Pin this wire to the edge of the brim and blind-stitch it into place. Gather the inside edge and sew it inside the head-size. A wreath of tiny pink apples or twisted ribbon around the top of the side crown, with a bow in the

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DIRECTIONS. — Carefully cut around the outside line of the gondola, also of the little figure of the gondolier. Fold on the dotted lines, and paste where indicated. Paste together each end of the gondola to make it firm. The figure is to be pasted on the rear deck by means of the two tabs at the bottom. The small illustration shows how the little gondola will look when completed.

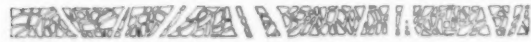


A VENETIAN GONDOLA AND GONDOLIER

Designed by JEREMIAH CROWLEY

THE WIDE-AWAKE GIRL AND THE SILLY BOY

By Amy Dixon
Illustrated by Will Foster



THE Wide-Awake Girl flung an arm above her head and sighed at the distant sound of fog-horns. From across the street came the bang of a door, followed by the sound of uncertain footsteps. She leaned on her elbow and peered out into the fog. The lights in the house opposite went out, and a vague figure slowly crossed the cobbles, finally gaining the curb on her side of the street. The girl caught her breath and leaned farther out!

Down the hill the figure proceeded. The dim light of the fog-enveloped lamp-post glimmered above the dark form that was making straight for it. There was a sharp impact, followed by a faint cry from the shivering girl at the window. After several seconds the man, confused, turned slowly up the hill again. The girl hesitated but a second. Then a timid voice rang out into the street:

"Man! Man! Oh, Silly Boy, you!" Her voice broke over the last words. "Come here, and I'll bandage it up!"

To the ground-floor window of her room came uncertainly the stalwart form of a humble, dazed boy, and stood in silence, turning his head to the left and the right at the bidding of deft, soft fingers, and of a sweet, soft voice.

"Silly boy, you! You're not really bad, you know! Now, go home, and when you say your prayers, don't forget a little bit of thanks that—the fog—did no more damage. And a little extra prayer for more common sense wouldn't come amiss! What was the matter at home? Oh, but I know your father's sorry now, and probably worrying because you haven't come back. You weren't really—" She hesitated, with a quaint little look of troubled motherhood.

Two strong hands shot up and gripped the girl's startled white ones. A brown head tried to peer into the darkness over the sill. "What is your name? And, please, may I see you by day?"

The girl gasped. A thrill of pain shot through her heart and lifted the smile from her lips. Then, as quickly, it dawned again; she leaned suddenly forward, a whimsical tone a-quiver in her voice.

MY NAME is—they call me The Wide-Awake Girl!

For I cannot sleep, but lie awake and listen to the beating of my own heart and the moans of fog-horns on the Golden Gate. And sometimes I am horrified by the sound of the uncertain footsteps of misguided young men, and I would close my ears, but it is of no avail, for I know they are there, and I cannot escape them. And it pains me so, for I realize there is so much suffering in store, and I am tempted to warn them and give them advice. So, beware of the Wide-Awake Girl, Silly Boy, for you cannot escape her. And, no, you may not see her by day—for she exists only by night, does the Wide-Awake Girl!

Two lean, brown hands found themselves suddenly empty, and a window was closed down in the face of a strangely-moved youth. Then into the depths of her soft pillows the girl sank back and sighed. Slowly her tired eyes closed—the Wide-Awake Girl slept!

Dawn was trying to break through the thick mantle of fog when she once more opened her eyes. From the bay to

the north came the cry, the moan, the shrill siren, of fog-horns, big and little. Dimly conscious, with a vague, mournful sweetness creeping up within her, she lay awake and listened to them. Each had its little tale to tell, the short ones on the blundering ferryboats, as well as the long drawn-out moan of the island one. The long-drawn-out one, particularly, wise with the experience of old age, sounded an ominous warning, the warning of one who knew. "All I could tell you! All I could tell you!" it seemed to say. The girl turned her head restlessly on the pillow and sighed, traveling back with the great mournful island horn to the years that she had known.

SHE saw before her fourteen years of a girlhood as pulsing, vital, joyous as other girlhoods had been. She lived again through the dull ache and horror of death-touching illness. She saw herself a frail wisp of a thing, stretched out in a very large bed, touchingly weak but once more alive and conscious of it! She heard the doctor's voice, pitying, hopeless, final, and inexpressibly sad. She saw the tears, the love, the sorrow, poured out on her with a bounty that prayed but to soften the blow. She felt again the little gasp of pain, saw the quick smile summoned to her deceiving lips, felt the relief that passed from one to another as they saw "how the brave girl took it".

The fog-horns were having their wonted effect! Restless, vaguely longing, sighing for a world not her own, she twisted her head back and forth until held by the sight of a dim doorway, hardly visible through the fog, which made her catch her breath and slightly raise herself in bed, her eyes wide and shining.

Then she looked down at her helpless body with a grimace which held the defiance of a child. "No," she whispered brokenly, "no, you lazy thing, you sha'n't deprive me of everything. The Wide-Awake Girl shall have her romance, too. And he sha'n't know—no, he sha'n't ever know—how helpless you are! For I, too, will be something in the life of a man!" And looking up at the last dimming star, she closed her eyes and breathed with a sad little smile, "though it be but an inspiration!"

The Wide-Awake Girl pretended not to be disappointed when the Silly Boy did not seek to establish her identity the very next morning! It was most natural, wasn't it, that when he awoke, being the "nice boy" that he was, he would bury his face in his pillow for shame at the remembrance of last night's adventure? Nevertheless, she had pulled down her window and shade to the very bottom, with the firm intention of remaining deaf and dumb to all appeals to "Please tell me who you are!" All very prudent, of course, but completely unnecessary, as she had known from the beginning.

Three days passed, and the Wide-Awake Girl was giving up hope, thinking that the Silly Boy, having inquired, had been informed of her misfortune and had no more use for her and her bandages, when, upon awaking one night, she saw the figure of a man, rigid, motionless, staring at her window from across the street. Breathless, she watched him, until he turned slowly and walked with firm tread up the stone steps and into his house. And then, gasping with delight, she sat up in bed and took note of the steadiness of his walk. A light had dawned upon her. The

Silly Boy had not forgotten. For something told her that his step had been firm and his head erect since their mid-night interview; she knew her words had not been in vain.

But even a Wide-Awake Girl with fluffy hair that looked strangely ethereal by night, and pathetic eyes that seemed alarmingly large for a white little face, could not have influence *ad infinitum* upon a weak young man with too much money in his pockets and too much leisure time in which to spend it. At least, so the girl realized with sorrow when, on the fifth night, along about two o'clock, she saw the Silly Boy descending the hill again.

It took the girl but a second to decide. Around her shoulders went a lacy pink thing; then, supporting herself against the sill, she waved her little handkerchief furiously out of the window. It caught the eye of the irresolute youth, who turned away from the lights in his parlor window, and crossed the street slowly, a bit uneasily. The girl pretended not to know why.

"Silly Boy, Silly Boy, come and talk to me! I have lain awake so long, and I'm so tired of my own thoughts! I have been watching the fog. Do you ever watch the fog, Silly Boy, and the millions of stars behind it? First they are so dim, so dim, but still one knows they are there. Then along comes a breeze, a clean, good breeze, and blows the fog all away. And one by one they appear—the big stars, the bright little stars, the little, kind, humble stars, and the big, powerful stars that spread their radiance for millions of miles around! Oh, Boy, Boy, Silly Boy!" she went on, leaning out into the night, her eyes riveted on the glory of the heavens ablaze, "how big—how vast and wonderful it all is! It always reminds me of life itself, and all the stars are the little kind deeds, the big strong deeds, just waiting to be done! And the fog is our own folly, blinding us to the bigness of life—until some clean, good breeze comes along and blows it all away. Sometimes that is our better self, which just needed to be aroused, and sometimes—sometimes, the words of some one who knows, who has seen behind the fog, but is too weak to stretch out—to the stars!"

The girl's voice broke, and she hid the pain in her eyes behind her frail hand, whilst the boy stood leaning up against the side of the house, his eyes held by the light he had seen in hers, his breathing the only sound to disturb the wondrous stillness of the night.

Then she leaned out to him again, a tender, broken smile in her dark eyes, on her quivering lips. Her clenched

fists, her stirring voice, woke the entranced boy, laid bare the shame cropping up within him.

"Oh, you great big overgrown Boy! The millions of wonderful things to be done in this world, and you—you—in all your strength—"

She stopped short. Involuntarily her eyes took in her own helplessness.

The boy, the Silly Boy, with the smothered soul and the soft heart, groaned, and felt for her little hand in the dark, and clasped it between his two. In the throes of self-confession he looked up, misery shining out of his eyes.

"Listen to me, listen to me, now, and don't pretend longer! I can't stand it. You've been talking to me as if I were a real man, instead of the good-for-nothing I've

been, up till now. I think you're—I think you're—"

The youth stammered and choked. But the girl only leaned out of the window in her gentle way, and smiled quietly down upon his boyish head. "Silly Boy, Silly Boy, you're not as bad as you make out to be. It is hard to grow perfect in a day! Besides"—she hesitated;—"wasn't tonight the first time—since—the night—?"

The boy looked in silence at the hand between his own. Suddenly he pressed it to his lips. The girl gasped—and he was gone.

By the light of morning the girl rubbed her eyes and saw things as they really were.

"Wide - Awake Girl, Wide - Awake Girl, you haven't been as wide-awake as you might have been! Be careful, or in your blindness you'll stumble and hurt yourself."

She did not know, poor child, that the harm was already done. She thought she could still avoid

SHE LEANED SUDDENLY FORWARD, A WHIMSICAL TONE A-QUIVER IN HER VOICE. "MY NAME IS—THEY CALL ME THE WIDE-AWAKE GIRL."

the hurt, and to do so, she put her thoughts into actions and began by pulling down the shades and sending for her maid. She felt that, this time, the Silly Boy was going to take things dreadfully seriously, his own heart in particular. He did not know, you see, she said to herself, with a catch of the breath. That he would try to learn her name and her secret, at any cost—of that she was sure. So she prepared the maid for his arrival.

"Tell him you are a new maid. And if he asks you if a young lady lives here, say there is no young lady—living here—at least, not very young," added the girl dolefully to herself, as the maid took her orders and left the room.

Then she lay back on her pillow. It was not long to wait, for, through a corner of the blind, she saw the boy making a straight line for the alleyway, determination in



his walk, in his whole demeanor. He halted beneath the closed window. Then, fearfully hopefully, he tapped on the pane. The girl neither stirred nor breathed. But the boy, vaguely conscious of a presence on the other side, broke into speech, pleading in disjointed humble sentences.

"Goodness me!" gasped the girl as she sank deeper into her pillows and lay there rigid and troubled, "I never thought it would seem so serious—to him."

In the meantime the disappointed youth turned slowly on his heel, but soon the front door-bell pealed, loud, insistent, beseeching, through the whole house. The girl turned her face against the pillow.

"The young man seemed very much put out," proffered the curious maid some minutes later as she busied herself about the Wide-Awake Girl's room. Then she looked inquiringly at her mistress.

BUT the girl did not even hear her, for she was taken up with her own thoughts. Irresolute, deeply pondering, her eyes closed, she lay back on her pillow, revolving something in her mind.

She opened them, however, at the sound of a vague disturbance on the other side of the window. A shadow appeared, then vanished. She watched the bustling Eugenie, feigning patience but longing for her departure. With a last flick of her duster, the maid hurried out. The girl reached out carefully, pushed up the window an inch or so, and pulled in an envelope laid on the outside sill. Hastily, eagerly, she scanned it. It read:

You say they call you The Wide-Awake Girl. I fear you have fallen asleep. For, if you were so wide-awake, you would see what has happened to a very Silly Boy. Oh, can't you understand? Don't you know that I am miserable? Please, please tell me who you are, where you come from, and why I may never see you? And try to believe me when I tell you that it is not curiosity that prompts these questions; that I am unhappy; that I—. Forgive me! And have pity on

The Silly Boy.

As she read, the girl's expression changed gradually. At the first words it softened, then grew disturbed, vastly troubled, until finally, frowning in thought, she laid the letter down on the cover. Then she lay quiet a long time, and when she finally raised herself from her pillow it was not to read the Silly Boy's note again, but to write one herself.

There once was a very silly boy [she wrote] and a wide-awake girl. But the girl was not as wide-awake as she thought she was, and the boy was a great deal sillier than he even dreamed. And, in the end, the girl was very, very sorry, and decided that the only way she could make amends was by disappearing.

So she disappeared, but before she went she could not resist asking one favor of the boy, and that favor was to try not to be a Silly Boy any more, and to think once in a while of a Wide-Awake Girl who would keep her eyes open in the future.

From one who hopes that the Silly Boy
will try to stretch out—to the stars!

A FIGURE stumbled hurriedly down the stairs, and into the dining-room, holding a note in the face of a legitimately startled maid. The boy was breathless.

"Who—who sent this?"

"Somebody brought it, Mr. Phil."

"Brought it? Brought it? Who brought it?"

"The maid from across the street, Mr. Phil. She was in a taxi."

"In a taxi?" The boy made a dive for the window. "Quick, quick! Tell me in which direction it went."

The maid crossed the room leisurely and looked out.

"Up the hill, Mr. Phil. Can't you see? It's just disappearing over the top."

The boy faced her anxiously. "And was there anybody else in it?"

"Yes, the young lady, her mistress, of course. They are going South."

The boy groaned and turned back to the window.

Crossing the room again, the maid began dusting a chair. "Yes," she continued in a good-natured, gossipy way, "they go South every year, I'm told. They have not lived in this neighborhood for long. You see, the girl being an invalid, she likes change. Her life is so sad."

"An invalid?" The boy gasped it. But the girl did not seem to hear the horror in his voice, and as her back was turned, she could not see the stricken look upon his face. She continued leisurely:

"Yes, of course, she's been an invalid for ten years. The cook in her house is a friend of my brother's. So that's how I get it. And such an invalid! They say she's a perfect angel. So sweet and patient, and never complaining. Everybody loves her. You see, she hasn't been able to walk for ten years. She is paralyzed from the waist down."

The girl turned sharply. A low cry had broken from the boy. His face was pale, his eyes closed.

"Why, Mr. Phil!" she stammered in astonishment. Then something silenced her—that something which is in all of us, that hidden delicacy which makes the lowest of us hesitate at looking at the soul of a creature laid bare in pain—and she left the room.

Long after she had departed, the boy stood thus, motionless, suffering. Then he dropped into the chair, his face buried in his hands, his body shaken with shame. As he sat, a picture rose before him, a picture of a girl hiding the pain in her eyes behind a frail hand, and her broken words sounded in his ears.

"—who has seen behind the fog, but is too weak to stretch out—to the stars!" And then her ringing appeal, "and you—you—in all your strength—"

He groaned again. "Oh," he said, "she so weak and so brave, and I so strong and so unworthy."

When the Silly Boy arose from his chair, something in the poise of his head, in the light of his eye, told one that that sobriquet was no longer his. He shook his great shoulders free and looked out with an open, earnest, sobered gaze onto a vast world. At last the good clean breeze had come—to blow the fog away.

He never knew how he got to the station in time, but he found the girl and her maid in a dark corner of the ladies' waiting-room, and hesitated for a moment in the doorway to cover up the pain his face betrayed at sight of the wheel-chair. Then he strode toward the weak, wan creature in it, a serious manly figure. The girl saw the straight line of determination in the set of his mouth, the tender light in his eyes, and she sighed weakly, as one who had already half capitulated.

HIS plea was manly, earnest, and the girl's eyes filled with tears at the tenderness in his voice, at the chivalry and protection in his every word, in his every action. But even as he sat there, the stalwart, the stronger one of the two, he abandoned his attitude of the man who will win by strength; his voice broke, his eyes pleaded, and his bowed figure implored the physically weaker of the two to stretch out and lift him up. It was an unconscious subterfuge on his part, for who shall dare to say that the Silly Boy's awakening had been for nothing, and that he would ever again be in need of strength other than his own? But if it was a subterfuge, the Wide-Awake Girl did not know it, and she leaned forward and placed her little hand on his larger, brown one, all tenderness, all longing to help.

"Please, please come back!" he pleaded. "Don't run away from me. I want you. I need you! Oh, you dear little Wide-Awake Girl, won't you please come back and help to keep the fog away?"

Then, unable to pretend any longer, the girl surrendered. "Well, I suppose I must," she sighed, and leaned back and gazed at him from out of half-shut eyes, to hide the tear that belied the smile playing about her lips. "I suppose I must—just because you're such a Silly Boy!"





THAT NEW FRENCH GOWN OF MINE

By ANNE OVERTON

PARIS, France.—I shall be wild to hear from you after you get this letter, for I want to know what you think of my new summer gown. That is it, on the right. Isn't it stunning? Madame Dunin and I went shopping one day last week, for we were both in need of new dresses, and when she proposed that I accompany her I acquiesced most readily.

It did not take me long to find what I wanted. It is a Beer model, and it is so becoming that I put it right on and had my old dress sent home. My friend was not so easily suited. We looked about for a long time before she bought hers, but at last she met her fate in a gown designed by Paul Poiret. Let me whisper, both were great bargains.

Then I suggested that we have our pictures taken to send you, that you may see for yourself how very chic we are in our summer clothes. I am really quite proud of my gown, though, of course, it is not a bit in good taste to admit that. The skirt is satin and just the color of mud—a very fashionable shade, by the way. Flounce and sleeves are made of Carrickmacross lace, and blouse and full tunic are of black chiffon cloth. The pink and red roses on my hat give the necessary hint of bright color to the costume.

Madame Dunin's dress has waist and tunic of white chiffon cloth, the latter bordered with artificial flowers. Her sleeves and the lower part of her skirt are made of a rich purple and gold brocade. Skirt and overskirt of mushroom crêpe de Chine are smartly draped in front with a large black velvet bow.

I AM sorry I can send you no patterns for these dresses, but you know I could not get one. You may be able, however, to copy some of the features, though I would advise adapting them to more conservative ideas for street wear, unless you are coming to Paris for the summer. Here you can wear almost what you choose without giving occasion for remark. I must confess I cannot quite accept for myself a bodice like that of Madame Dunin—a mere wisp of chiffon cloth, folded in surplice fashion back and front, with never a bit of cording or lace to edge the top of it. Many of the gowns have these inadequate little waists. One chic thing had a trained skirt of Caprian blue—just the wonderful blue of the grotto of Capri—with a rag of an untrimmed blouse of tomato-red chiffon cloth. But *que voulez vous?*



5298-5369

5298-5369

5376-5183

CORRECT DRESS FOR HOME AND STREET

For other views and descriptions see page 35



5373-5367

5270-5337-5339

WHEN YOU GO A-VISITING

For other views and descriptions see page 33.



5337

5307

5356

IF YOU ARE MAKING SHIRT WAISTS

NO. 5337, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—In perfect keeping with this season's models, this waist has a mannish yoke across the back and extending in front slightly below the regular shoulder seam. Such a yoke is always in good form however much the ruling fashions may vary, but the regular outing shirt, which the more athletic, outdoor life of the modern woman has made essential to her wardrobe, is most appropriately made in this style. The gathers across the back and in the fronts, and the slight blousing at the waistline, make this a comfortable waist to wear. The several possibilities in the sleeves adapt it to various uses. The regular shirt sleeve will, of course, be used for the outing waist, but a more dressy garment will be planned with the short sleeve and turned-back cuff, or the bishop sleeve with frill of lace over the hand. The band to which the sleeve ruffle is attached is a smart feature of prevailing shirt-waist modes. Its promise of ease and comfort, suiting it to practical purposes, is undoubtedly the cause of its great popularity. Two methods of arranging the collar are illustrated in the large and small views. The simple turn-down collar with bow tie will be suitable for ordinary wear, while a more ornamental effect is obtained by turning back the fronts at the neck to form the tiny revers. A neckband is provided, also, for the woman who likes the plain linen collar. This should be worn with bow or string tie. The pattern is in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards and a quarter of thirty-six-inch material.



5337-5307 5356

NO. 5307, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—An attractive new waist this season is the waist with the mannish shirt bosom like that in this design. Either pleated or plain, it is a dressy device which provides a pleasing variety in a well-liked garment. It affords, also, a welcome opportunity for the combination of different materials in the waist: or, if striped material is used, a pretty contrast will be secured by arranging the stripes crosswise in the bosom. The pattern for this waist is cut in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide will be necessary to make it in size thirty-six.

NO. 5356, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—This smart design makes a quaint little waist when developed in the pretty flowered silk or embroidered crepe in vogue this summer. The yoke is an excellent feature, and the tucks on either side the front furnish a fulness which prevents all appearance of strain across the bust, even in the stoutest figure. The collar may be worn standing or turned down, as illustrated in the two small views. If preferred, the waist may be made with a neckband and worn with a detachable linen or embroidered collar. The advantage the low or turned-back collar has over the high and closely-fitted one will be appreciated by the busy woman. The pattern is obtainable in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. For size thirty-six, two yards and a half of material thirty-six inches wide will be needed.

Correct Dress for Home and Street

and
When You
Go
A-Visiting



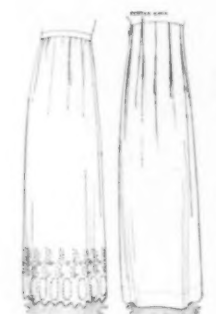
5298



5369

NO. 5298, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—The tastefulness of modern dress has no better exemplar than this charming bodice. Two methods of treatment, in combination with the same skirt, No. 5369, are illustrated on page 30. In one it is made of flowered taffeta, in the other of batiste and embroidery. Standing lace collar and lace sleeve ruffles make the silk a dressy costume; hardly less attractive are the allover embroidery sleeves and collar of the other. The pattern is in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires three yards of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5369, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The vogue of the tunic is cleverly expressed in this model, certainly one of the most becoming versions of that popular idea. Two methods of developing the skirt are suggested on page 30. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. For the three-piece foundation, in size twenty-six, two yards and seven-eighths of thirty-six-inch goods will be needed, and for the one-piece tunic one yard and three-quarters. The skirt when finished measures two yards around the bottom.



5183

NO. 5376, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Every woman, no matter what her mode of life, needs a comfortable long coat like this. Made full length and of thick, double-faced material, it is a splendid motor coat. In the short length, with cutaway fronts, its usefulness is apparent, either for the rough-and-ready garment of bouclé or storm serge, or the satin or broadcloth wrap for more dressy wear. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust. Size thirty-six requires for the long coat four yards and a half of fifty-four-inch material.

NO. 5183, LADIES' ONE PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—If a perfect model for a skirt of embroidery flouncing or bordered goods is sought, this will be the one selected. An inset section makes a pretty trimming for the front, but if a simple, serviceable skirt, easily ironed, is desired, the insert may be omitted. The pattern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. For size twenty-six two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide are necessary. The completed skirt measures one yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.



5376

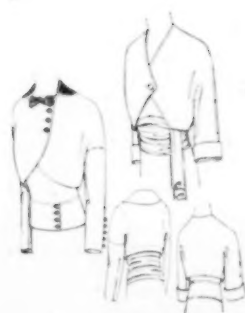
NO. 5373, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Time was when we had to choose between comfort and propriety in the summer visiting gown. Now fashion allows both, and the blouse with open neck and either short or lace sleeves, like this model, is considered in perfect taste. Chemisette and high collar are provided for more homely needs. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. For a woman of thirty-six bust three yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required.

NO. 5367, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—At no time of year is the ability to be well dressed so valuable as in hot weather. To remain neat and fresh in spite of an ambitious thermometer requires careful choice, both of designs and materials, but with this skirt and Waist No. 5373, combined in a chic white linen and lace costume like that in the illustration on page 31, that object is successfully achieved. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size twenty-six requires three yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material, and measures two yards at the hem. The skirt has five-gores.

NO. 5270, LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRDLES AND BOLERO JACKET (10 cents).—Women have always liked the bolero, and when in the mutations of fashion it reappears with various new style features in the original design, it at once meets a hearty welcome. This model will be well liked, and either with sleeves or without, will form part of many summer costumes this year. The pattern comes in five sizes, from thirty-two to forty inches bust measure. Quantities of material for jacket and girdle will be found on pattern envelope.

NO. 5337, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—An excellent model for a simple linen waist is here developed in more elaborate fashion in one of the pretty flowered silks brought to notice by the Futurist movement in art. A decorative effect is secured by the simple device of turning back the fronts at the neck for the tiny revers. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. To make the waist in size thirty-six will take two yards and a quarter of material thirty-six inches wide.

NO. 5339, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—You could not choose a more graceful skirt than this for the charmeuse, crepe de Chine, ratine or Ramie linen dress you will need this summer. It is cut in two pieces, and is tucked up on both sides in charming folds of drapery which bring it into the best fashion. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. For a woman with twenty-six waist the pattern calls for two yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch goods. The skirt when finished measures one yard and a half at the bottom.



5270



5373



5367



5337



5337



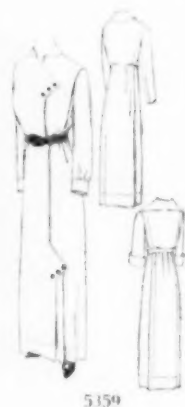
5339



5347
Transfer Pattern No. 181

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS

Bulgarian Colors Are Very Smart



5359

NO. 5359. LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Any puzzle about the kind of dress to select for a stylish afternoon gown will be promptly solved by this model. Not only are its lines extremely graceful, but the little irregularity in the front of blouse and skirt makes a pleasing variety very acceptable to the woman who is tired of the customary straight-closing. The opportunity afforded by this design for trimming with some one or other of the lovely patterns of Bulgarian or Futurist silk now so popular is one of its chief merits. For making the dress several of the fashionable silken materials, such as crêpe de Chine, Habutai silk or faille silk, suggest themselves, but the design is equally applicable to the use of linen, chambray, or madras for more general wear, and it will be becoming in all sizes. Gibson tucks at the shoulders provide the slight fullness pulled down tight over the form. The pattern is cut in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires six yards and one-eighth of forty-four-inch material. The three piece skirt measures two yards and one-eighth at the lower edge.

NO. 5347. LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST DRESS (15 cents).—Perfect comfort as well as neatness and style are assured by this graceful design. It will fill the need of the working woman for a practical work-a-day gown, which has, nevertheless, that trim, well-set-up air so essential to success in the business world. For the home body it is equally desirable, being a dress to slip on at a moment's notice to receive unexpected callers, and just the kind one likes for summer afternoons and evenings at home. Any of the staple materials may be used to develop the design—wash silk, cotton crêpe, voile, or for plainer wear, linen, chambray or gingham. The woman who embroiders can decorate it with a bit of needlework by her own clever fingers with the charming effect seen in the main view. Transfer Design No. 181 furnished the motif for this pretty trimming. The pattern is cut in nine sizes, from thirty-two to forty-eight inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires four yards and a half of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is five-gored, and at the hem measures two yards and one-eighth.



5347



5371-5349
5006, WAIST

5353-5355

5365-5361

GOWNS THAT APPEAL TO THE WOMAN OF FASHION

FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE PAGE 37



5343-5345

5343-5345

5341-5363

COSTUMES FOR WOMEN WHO LIKE TO DRESS WELL

FOR DESCRIPTIONS SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

Descriptions and Small Views of Gowns Illustrated on Pages 35 and 36

NO. 5371, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Mater-
lasse in golden brown, a silk of fine twill
with raised satin motif, was the material
chosen for this attractive suit. Collar, cuffs
and girdle are of Futurist silk. The jacket has
three-quarter sleeves, one-piece back and smart-
ly cutaway front. It is worn over a white chif-
fon blouse No. 5006, with collar of figured
ratine. The pattern comes in three sizes, small,
medium and large. The medium size requires
two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch
material.



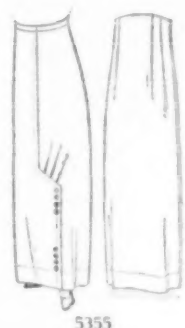
No. 5349, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—This
skirt is one of the most attractive of the new
models, with its drapery lying in soft folds in
front and on either side. The back has a simul-
lated panel formed by an arrangement of two
deep tucks on either side. No more perfect de-
sign for soft fabrics could be chosen. The pat-
tern comes in five sizes, from twenty-two to
thirty inches waist measure. It requires for size
twenty-six three yards and a quarter of forty-
four-inch material. At the hem the one-piece
skirt measures one yard and a half.



No. 5353, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Like
many of this season's waists, this has the loose
blouse effect and the addition of the peplum,
which gives it the appearance of a jacket rather
than a waist. It is very smart, especially with a
skirt of another color or of white. As illustrated
on page 35, with Skirt No. 5355, it was developed
in silk of a crushed strawberry shade. The col-
lar is of black satin and the guimpe of Lierre
lace. The pattern comes in six sizes, from
thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure,
and requires for the waist in size thirty-six two
yards and a half, and for the peplum a yard and
a half extra of forty-four-inch material.



No. 5355, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—This
skirt, illustrated with Waist No. 5353, has no ful-
ness but that given by three small folds caught
in the extended seam at the left knee. It was
developed in crushed strawberry silk to match
the waist. The pattern comes in six sizes, from
twenty-two to forty-two inches waist measure.
It requires for size twenty-six three yards of
thirty-six-inch material. The three-piece skirt
measures a yard and five-eighths at the hem.



No. 5365, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This
waist was developed in brocaded Caprian-blue
ratine with girdle of green velvet. Collar and
cuffs are of Carrickmacross lace and the vest
of Milan lace. The pattern comes in six sizes,
from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust mea-
sure. It requires for the waist in size thirty-six
two yards and five-eighths, and for the peplum
one yard of thirty-six-inch material.



NO. 5361, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—In
pleasing contrast to the blue jacket is this
skirt of white ratine. A waist of blue
silk with skirt of khaki-colored ratine, or a
crêpe waist of Futurist coloring, with white, blue
or pink linen or agaric skirt, are also attractive
combinations. The pattern comes in five sizes,
from twenty-two to thirty inches waist mea-
sure. For size twenty-six it requires two yards
and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material.
The two-piece skirt is two yards at the hem.

No. 5006, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).
—The pattern for this dainty blouse of white
chiffon is cut in eight sizes, from thirty-two to
forty-six inches bust measure. It requires for
size thirty-six a yard and three-quarters of
forty-four-inch material.

No. 5343, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Two
variations of this model, each equally attractive,
are shown; the first in khaki-colored faille silk,
with collar, cuffs and belt of Futurist silk of
Caprian blue-and-tan coloring; the second, in
checked ratine, with collar and girdle of blue
satin. Two styles of collar and long and short
sleeves are shown in the two views. The pat-
tern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to
forty-four inches bust measure. It requires for
size thirty-six two yards and three-quarters of
thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5345, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—In
pleasing harmony with Waist No. 5343 is this
skirt in the two developments illustrated, khaki-
colored faille silk and checked blue-and-white
ratine. The slight drapery at side-front and
fullness laid in pleats in the back are good style
features. The pattern comes in six sizes, from
twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure.
It requires for size twenty-six two yards and
three-quarters of forty-four-inch material. At
the hem the one or two-piece skirt measures one
yard and five-eighths.

No. 5341, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This
waist was made of striped silk in green and tan.
Collar and cuffs are of eyelet embroidery. The
pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-
two to forty-four inches bust measure. It
requires for size thirty-six two yards and three-
eighths of forty-four-inch material.

No. 5363, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Silk, of
green-and-white stripe, similar to that in which
the waist was developed, was the material
chosen for this skirt. Either inverted pleat or
habit back may be used. The pattern comes in
seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four
inches waist measure. It requires for size
twenty-six two yards and three-quarters of
forty-four-inch material. At the hem the four-
gored skirt measures two yards and an eighth.



5345

5343

5363

5361

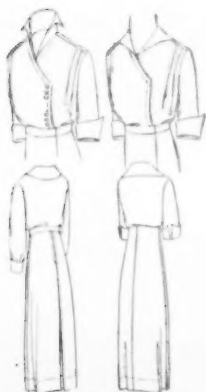
5341

5365

You Will Find Comfort With Style in These

NO. 5375, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—One scarcely realizes the radical changes which have taken place in the styles until one compares the soft blouse and comfortable lines of this gown with the stiff-boned basques and lined and interlined skirts of a few years ago. Instead of the stiff, conventional silhouette of that time, the present style of dress, with its natural, graceful outline, gives full value to the beauty of the womanly figure. This is especially true of this summer's fashions. This waist, slightly bloused over the belt, back and front, promises perfect freedom of motion, while the low-cut neck affords the comfort we all demand in hot weather. The four-gored skirt is quite simple, trimmed solely with the pretty pleated section in front, for either pleats or a hint of drapery are almost inevitable in these days. Developed in pliant silk, of rich, but subdued coloring, it is a most desirable dress for summer afternoons; also, it will give good service as a general utility gown made of linen, ratine, cotton crepe, or other of the usual washable fabrics. A flat lace or embroidery collar like that shown in the illustration on page 39 will be pretty and becoming. A little more dressy, perhaps, is the standing collar on Medici lines seen in the small view on this page. The pattern for this costume may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. To make it in size thirty-six will take five yards and a half of material forty-four inches wide. The width of the skirt around the bottom is two yards and three-eighths when finished.

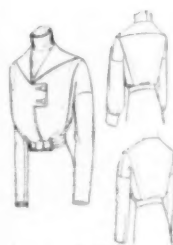
NO. 5351, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Much thought and care have been put into the designing of this blouse to make it the cool, comfortable, summery thing it is, and yet give it the correct, up-to-date appearance every woman demands in her dress. This model is delightfully simple, and so easily made that the most inexperienced needlewoman will not be puzzled by its construction. The tucks over the shoulder, a real ornamental feature, stop at deep yoke length in front, but are carried to the waistline in the back. Long sleeves, fitted to the arm with a neat pleat below the elbow, adapt the waist to most serviceable uses, but an attractive short sleeve may be made by cutting this off midway and applying the pretty, turned-back cuff. A shirt-waist sleeve is also provided. This is a waist which may be admirably combined with any skirt, as in this case with Skirt No. 5335, to form one of the semi-princess costumes of silk, Ramie linen or crepe now so popular, but it is equally well suited for a fine linen or batiste waist to wear with a separate skirt, either of crash, poplin or cloth. For the business woman it will make a serviceable blouse developed in a firm quality of white linen. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. For size thirty-six, two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide are necessary.



5375



5139



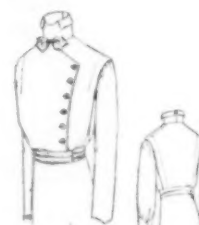
5139

NO. 5335, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Two views of this modish skirt are given on the opposite page, showing the attractive arrangement of the belt, an arrangement made more clear in the small illustration below. But it is not the belt alone which gives such distinctive style to this model, though that is one of its strong points. The clever disposition of the pleats on either side the center-back is to be commended. They give that slightly bouffant effect at the hips demanded by the well-dressed woman, but leave no extra fulness to flare out about the feet, where the utmost slenderness must be maintained. The skirt is cut in one piece, and the opening is at the left side-front. It is a skirt especially well adapted for use with Waist No. 5351, with which it is shown on page 39, in the two charming costumes of linen and flowered silk, since the closing lines of both waist and skirt correspond to a nicety. But it may have a variety of uses with other waists which may be preferred either for summer silks, crepe de Chine, or the more summery tub materials; or it will make an excellent model for the useful separate skirt of Ramie linen, Bedford cord or light-weight broadcloth. The pattern is in five sizes, from twenty-two to thirty inches waist measure. To make it in size twenty-six will require two yards and three-quarters of forty-four inch material. The completed skirt measures one yard and five-eighths at the lower edge.

NO. 5139, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—With the advent of summer the separate blouse becomes a necessity not only for the woman whose household duties make more practical the dark skirt, whether of cloth or duck, but more especially for the business woman, who demands the comfort of a thin dress but finds it impossible to keep her lawn or linen skirts in a desirable state of neatness. This waist is a solution of that problem. It is stylish and attractive, looks cool and comfortable, and has that air of distinction which appeals to the feminine heart.

yet is so simple that it does not create prohibitive laundry bills. It is a particularly good design to develop in white China or Habutai silk, a material which needs no starch and can therefore be "done-up" by the business woman herself over night. In fine linen, in batiste or in a sheer quality of cotton crepe it will also give satisfaction. The collar and cuffs may be made of lace, as illustrated, of satin, of the same goods

as the waist or of any material making a pretty contrast. The dropped shoulder is a good style feature, also the wide Gibson tucks. The pattern may be obtained in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size thirty-six requires two yards and three-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide.



5351



5335



5351-5335

5375

5351-5335

YOU WILL FIND COMFORT WITH STYLE IN THESE

For descriptions see opposite page



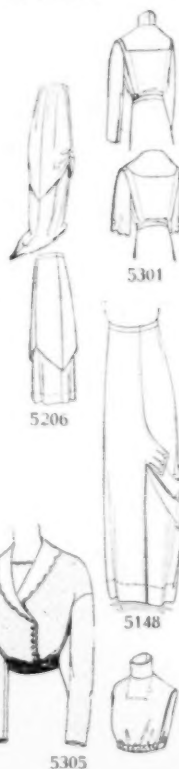
Stout Women May Wear Draped Skirts

NO. 5305, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—This graceful model, illustrated on a woman of full figure, will convince the most skeptical that women of avoirdupois need not shun drapery. In fact, a little fullness in waist and skirt is more becoming than the skin-tight things which give prominence to every pound of flesh. With Skirt No. 5148, this makes a gown suitable for home wear, or for most informal social occasions. It is equally satisfactory whether developed in foulard, as shown in the front view, or in flowered cotton, as in the illustration of the back. The pattern may be had in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. To make the waist in sizes forty-two and forty-four requires two yards and three-quarters of material thirty-six inches wide.

NO. 5148, LADIES' TWO PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—For the woman of ample proportions this skirt, with its drapery well below the hips, is even more suitable than a straight, plain model. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-two inches waist measure. To make it in size thirty-two requires three yards of forty-four-inch material. At the lower edge the completed skirt measures one yard and three-quarters.

NO. 5301, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Straight lines tapering in at the waistline make this blouse most becoming to a stout woman. The Gibson tucks are also features to be commended as in very good style. Silk, crêpe, voile or batiste are equally appropriate materials for this model. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. Size forty-two requires three yards of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5206, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT (15 cents).—Many women think that only slim figures look well in tunic skirts. The illustrations show, however, that the pointed lines tend to increase height and take away from apparent breadth. The pattern is in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. Size thirty-four takes two yards and a quarter of thirty-six-inch goods for the three or four piece tunic, and one yard and one-eighth for five-gored foundation. The skirt measures two yards and seven-eighths at the hem.



A Wise Mother Will Choose These Frocks

NO. 5248, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Closely following the prevalent modes, this little model is nevertheless quite simple and easily made. Developed in linen, chambray or other tub material, it will be just such a practical frock as a child needs for daily wear. But when made of agaric, ratine or one of the soft crêpes or voiles, and worn with a folded silk girdle as illustrated, it is elaborate enough for "dress-up" occasions. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from four to twelve years. To make the dress for a child of eight three yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be necessary. The collar and cuffs will take three-quarters of a yard of goods eighteen inches wide.

No. 5072, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—A three-piece skirt and a quaint arrangement of the front of waist, which gives either vest effect or one-sided rever, are the attractive features of this little dress. An inset section in the skirt-front, which may, however, be omitted, allows for the effective use of a contrasting material similar to that used in neckband and rever. Both washable materials and challie or silk will develop this model happily. The pattern is cut in four sizes, from six to twelve years. To make it in size eight will require two yards and a half of forty-four-inch material. One yard and a half eighteen inches wide will be needed for rever, neckband and inset section.

No. 5368, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—A fresh and dainty summer dress like this will be a satisfaction to the little girl just growing into acute consciousness of her clothes. It is entirely in accord with the requirements of style as she sees it in the gowns of her older sisters, and has, besides, a charm all its own in the quaint side effects of the waist, front and back. Other materials besides embroidery, such as piqué, Ramie linen, or cotton crêpe, may be used to good effect in developing this model. The pattern is obtainable in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size eight requires two yards and five-eighths of material forty-four inches wide, or four yards of embroidery flouncing or bordered goods.

No. 5344, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Two versions of this attractive dress show its possibilities for the neat and trim frock of gingham or chambray for practical wear, as well as for the dainty batiste or embroidery dress for festal events. The neck may be cut low for comfort in the warm summer days, or brought well up to the throat and finished with the quaint collar, embroidered in this illustration with Transfer Design No. 294. The straight lower edge of the little pleated skirt makes it a suitable model for flouncing or bordered material. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. For an eight-year-old girl three yards and one-eighth of thirty-six-inch material or five yards of flouncing will be needed.





Pleasing Types in Misses' Dress

NO. 5352, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—This is a charming model for the dress with different colored waist and skirt. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires four yards and a quarter of thirty-six-inch goods, with one yard and seven-eighths extra for the peplum. The two-piece skirt measures one yard and a half around the bottom.

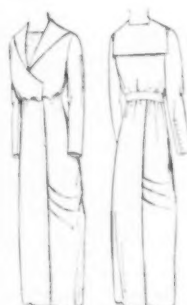
NO. 5126, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—With its bit of drapery and pretty front-closing, this design is very smart. The pattern may be had in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen. Size sixteen requires four yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide. At the lower edge the two-piece skirt measures one yard and a quarter.

NO. 5342, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Either Ramie linen or summer silk may be used with perfect satisfaction for this beautiful dress. The pattern is cut in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. To make it for a girl of fifteen requires five yards of thirty-six-inch material. The five-gored skirt is one yard and five-eighths at the hem.

NO. 5230, LADIES' AND MISSES' HATS (10 cents).—"Home-made" is no longer a term of reproach for the hat of the modern girl. She is delighted to exercise her taste and skill with a good pattern like this, and may now have a hat for every gown instead of the one or at most two of the former expensive specimens of the milliner's art. This pattern comes in two sizes, ladies and misses. Quantities of material needed are given on the pattern envelope.

NO. 5364, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Either with or without the drapery, this is an attractive gown. The pattern is in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires three yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch material. The three-piece skirt measures one yard and a half at the hem.

NO. 5366, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Straight edges make this an excellent model for the stylish embroidery frock. The pattern comes in five sizes, from fourteen to eighteen years. Size sixteen requires three yards and a half of forty-four-inch material. The one or two piece skirt measures one yard and a half at the lower edge.





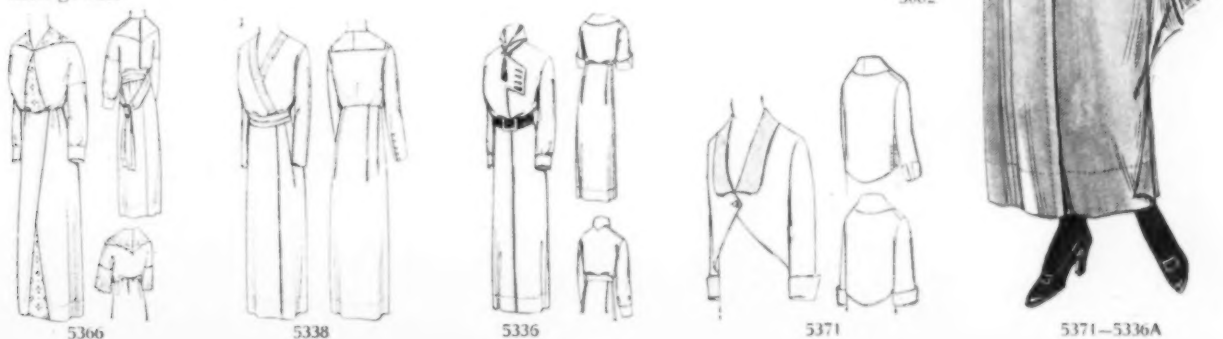
NO. 5338, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Among the designs for bordered goods or embroidery this is especially chic. The pattern may be had in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. To make the dress for a girl of fifteen requires three yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch material. At the lower edge the one-piece skirt measures a yard and a quarter.

NO. 5240, BALKAN BLOUSE (10 cents).—One of the most popular styles of recent years is this fascinating low-belted blouse. The pattern is for both misses and girls, and is cut in seven sizes, from six to eighteen years. To make it in size fourteen requires three yards of thirty-six-inch material.

NO. 5082, MISSES' SKIRT (15 cents).—The simple lines of this skirt adapt it perfectly to wear with the separate blouse or a coat. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. Size fifteen requires two yards of forty-four-inch material. At the hem the two or three piece skirt measures one yard and five-eighths.

NO. 5336, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—It is just such simple, attractive gowns as this that appeal to the girl who is particular about her clothes. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirteen to eighteen years. To make the dress in size fifteen requires five yards of thirty-six-inch goods. The three-piece skirt measures a yard and three-quarters at the lower edge.

NO. 5371, LADIES' COAT (15 cents).—Especially adapted to the youthful figure is this *chic* short coat, and every girl should have one to slip on in the cool summer evenings. The pattern may be had in three sizes, small, medium and large. To make it in the medium size takes two yards and three-quarters of forty-four-inch goods.





WHEN YOU WANT SOMETHING



NO. 5358, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Dropped waistline and a tiny skirt, which may be either pleated or gathered, are the characteristic features of this dainty dress. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. The eight-year size requires two yards and seven-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide. If made of embroidery flouncing, two yards and a half will be needed.

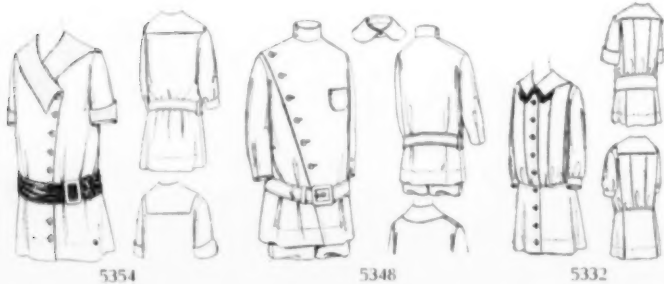
NO. 5374, CHILD'S MIDDY DRESS (15 cents).—Little frocks made midddy fashion are among the best-liked styles for children's dress. They are so easily laundered that a child may be kept always fresh and neat with little trouble. The pattern for this pretty design comes in four sizes, from two to eight years. To make it for a child of four will take two yards of forty-four-inch goods.



NO. 5354, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—Easily made and soon laundered, this dress will make a strong appeal to the mother of the small girl who needs many changes. Chambray, linen or galatea may all be used to develop it. The pattern comes in five sizes, from two to ten years. Size eight will require two yards and five-eighths of forty-four-inch material. The collar and cuffs take five-eighths of a yard.

NO. 5348, BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT (15 cents).—Russian styles are increasingly popular for the little man who has been promoted from his baby skirts but is as yet too young for mannish trousers and shirt. This model combines simplicity with style to a marked degree. The pattern comes in three sizes, from two to six years. Size four takes two yards and an eighth of forty-four-inch material.

NO. 5332, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Quite Balkan in effect, with its wide belt, a recent tendency of fashion is well exemplified in this attractive frock. Either linen or challie will develop it to advantage. The pattern comes in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size eight requires three yards and one-eighth of material thirty-six inches wide. Collar, cuffs and belt take a yard and a quarter.



NO. 5260, CHILDREN'S HATS (10 cents).—The many quaint little hats and caps now worn by the little folks are wonderfully interesting to the mother who likes to see her children well dressed. That they can be made at home is one of their chief recommendations. Any one of the three designs given in this pattern, the Tam-o'-Shanter, the Tyrolean and the collapsible, will be sure to please. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large, and the pattern envelope gives amount of material needed for each.



SMART FOR THE CHILDREN

NO. 5334, GIRL'S RUSSIAN OR BALKAN COAT (15 cents).—A very stylish model for a light-weight summer coat. The pattern comes in six sizes, from four to thirteen years. For size ten three yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch material will be necessary. Seven-eighths of a yard make collar and cuffs.

No. 5372, CHILD'S DRESS (15 cents).—Side-pleats over the shoulders make this a very becoming dress to a child. The little skirt may be pleated or gathered and has a straight lower edge, which makes it suitable for flouncing. The pattern is cut in four sizes, from two to eight years. Size four requires two yards of forty-four-inch goods.

No. 5362, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Models so well suited to embroideries and sheer summer materials as this are rare. Its possibilities adapt it to the pretty dress for "best", or the more simple gingham frock for daily wear. The pattern is in five sizes, from four to twelve years. Size eight takes two yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 5346, BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT (15 cents).—Another handsome little Russian suit is this, suitable alike for linen, galatea and chambray, or for light-weight serge for the first early fall school-days. The pattern is cut in three sizes, from two to six years. For size four two yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch goods will be necessary.

No. 5330, BOYS' HATS (10 cents).—For her boys as well as her girls, the industrious mother can now make attractive hats and caps at home, using small scraps of material left from suit or overcoat. Two of the four styles provided by this pattern are illustrated above. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. The pattern envelope gives amounts of material.

No. 4560, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE (10 cents).—This little shirt will be sure to please the young lad just donning his first mannish clothes. White linen is a serviceable material to use for it, but madras or percale will also be suitable. The pattern is in six sizes, from four to fourteen years. Size eight requires one yard and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide.

No. 3420, BOY'S KNICKERBOCKER TROUSERS (10 cents).—With shirt No. 4560, as illustrated, these little trousers are just the thing for an active, growing lad. They will be practical whether made of serge or suiting or some stout tub material. The design is applicable to a suit, when developed in cloth to match the coat, and is good, besides, for separate trousers. The pattern is in four sizes, from eight to fourteen years. Size ten takes one yard and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material.





5357

5370
Transfer 323

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE AT HOME

NO. 5357, LADIES' AND MISSES' BOUDOIR AND THEATER CAPS (15 cents).—Among popular styles of development for milady's caps for theater and negligee wear none has made greater appeal to the "eternal feminine" than those shown in this number. The first cap was developed in sheer mull, the second and third in allover lace, and the fourth in net. The pattern comes in two sizes, ladies and misses. Any size requires, for the shirred cap a yard and an eighth, for each of the others five-eighths of a yard of forty-four-inch material.

NO. 5370, CHILDREN'S HATS (10 cents).—The popularity of these hats is due to their simplicity of construction and the small expense for which they may be fashioned. The first and second hats were made of linen; for the embroidery of the second hat Transfer Design No. 323 was used; the third hat is of batiste and eyelet embroidery. The pattern comes in three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires, for the bonnet five-eighths and for the hat seven-eighths of a yard of thirty-six-inch goods.

NO. 4971, LADIES' EMPIRE WRAPPER (15 cents).—All the lines of this wrapper conform to comfort and grace. It was developed in blue figured crêpe with collar and cuffs of blue silk. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six four yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch material. At the hem it measures two yards and three-eighths.



4971

4376

4795

NO. 5103, LADIES' PRINCESS SLIP (15 cents).—Since the slender silhouette has been essential the slip on narrow lines is requisite. Very pleasing is this slip of white batiste finished around the neck by Valenciennes lace and at lower edge by a flounce of embroidery. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six three yards and three-quarters of thirty-six-inch material.

The slip may be one or two piece, and measures two yards and an eighth at hem.

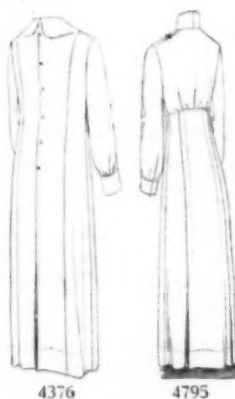


4020

5103

4020

NO. 4020, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER (10 cents).—This simple model for a corset cover is a most desirable one. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty to forty-two inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six seven-eighths of a yard of forty-four-inch material, or a yard and three-quarters of embroidery flouncing.



4376

4795

NO. 4795, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—An unusually stylish model is this, developed here in striped challie. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust. It requires for size thirty-six four yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material. At the hem the six-gored skirt measures two yards and a quarter.

NO. 4376, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED APRON (15 cents).—This comfortable calico apron on loose lines is very serviceable. The pattern is in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four bust. Size thirty-six requires four yards and a quarter of forty-four-inch material.

NO. 5350, LADIES', MISSES' AND GIRLS' SUN HATS (10 cents).—For wear at the seashore or in the country, a hat fashioned after this model not only affords protection from the sun's rays, but it is becoming and of pleasing appearance. The hat of the first figure was developed in linen, that of the second and third in simple calico. The pattern comes in three sizes, ladies', misses' and girls'. Misses' size requires, for the one-piece hat five-eighths, and for the two-piece three-quarters of a yard of forty-four-inch goods.



5350

No. 5333, LADIES' WRAPPER (15 cents).—This attractive model presents not only a practical but a very neat appearance. The large collar and folded girdle trim it effectively. For the embroidery shown in the small view Transfer Design No. 323 was used. Gray cashmere was used for the wrapper, and futurist silk for collar and girdle. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six four yards and seven-eighths of forty-four-inch material.



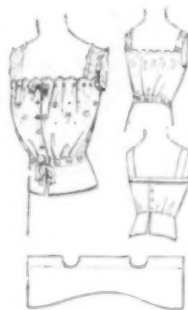
5333

5360-5340

No. 5179, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—Both style and simplicity are characteristics of this model, which was developed in gray cotton crepe. The pattern comes in eight sizes, from thirty-two to forty-six inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six four yards and three-eighths of forty-four-inch material. The skirt is three piece, and measures a yard and seven-eighths at the lower edge.

No. 5360, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE PIECE CORSET COVER (10 cents).—Women who are fond of dainty pieces of lingerie will appreciate this model. The shoulder straps may be made of lace or ribbon; a very slight addition to the cover when it is made of embroidery flouncing. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six seven-eighths of a yard of forty-four-inch material, or a yard and a half of bordered material eighteen inches wide.

No. 5340, LADIES' CIRCULAR CLOSED DRAWERS (10 cents).—Not only must daintiness characterize the up-to-date women's undergarments, but there must also be no unnecessary fulness to impair the requisite slenderness. This is seen in the drawers of this illustration, which were made of English nainsook, and for which Transfer Design No. 323 was used. The pattern comes in seven sizes, from twenty-two to thirty-four inches waist measure. For size twenty-six it requires two yards of material thirty-six inches wide.



5360



5340

No. 3999, LADIES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN (15 cents).—No simpler model than this could be selected for development by the woman whose time is limited. It is fashioned in one piece, from French batiste, and Transfer Design No. 458 was used for the embroidery. Longcloth, nainsook and cotton crepe may also be used. The pattern comes in six sizes, from thirty-two to forty-two inches bust measure. It requires for size thirty-six four yards and a half of thirty-six-inch material.



3999

Transfer Pattern No. 458



5333

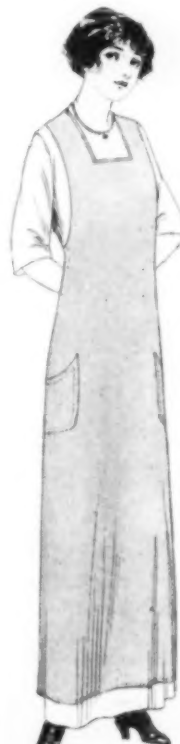
Transfer Pattern No. 323



5179



5090



5090



5179

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON No. 29. Making a Negligee Shirt

Conducted by MARGARET WHITNEY



Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you in the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

MAKING a man's shirt used to be the test of a woman's sewing—the examination she had to pass before she was thought to have finished her education in needlework. That was in the good old days when women were really taught to sew; before the sewing machine had destroyed our ability to set those fine, almost invisible stitches in the seams, the hems, and the rolled and whipped ruffles, which we venerate in those precious bits of old clothing stored among our heirlooms.

What was the pride of the small maiden when, after she had learned the alphabet of hemming tea-towels, and taken the intermediate courses of whipping the gores and felling the seams of her own chemises, she was promoted to the senior class to make a linen shirt for her father! It was no small undertaking to make a shirt in those days, for negligee was unknown and bosoms must be tucked and ruffled and inserted with absolute accuracy of measurement, all by hand work of the most painstaking kind.

The woman who undertakes to make her husband's shirts today encounters no such hardships. Her sewing machine reduces the time to a minimum, good patterns insure accuracy in the details, and the very acceptable negligee styles obviate most of the other difficulties. Even with all these advantages, most of us hesitate to undertake the task, and put our husband's shirts in the list of things to be bought ready-made, along with the canned tomatoes, preserves and sugar-cured hams for the rest of the family. But, if we only knew it, we could cut down expenses materially on this one item if we were willing to do the work ourselves. True, men are fussy, and the fit of their shirts gives them more anxiety than any possible fluctuation in stocks. So, if your husband is unusually particular, let him continue to buy his stiff shirts from his favorite dealer, who hypnotizes him into believing they are just right, but I would advise you to try making his soft madras and silk ones for summer yourself, if you want to save an honest penny.

I am really influenced a little by sympathy for the men in giving this lesson on shirt-making, for some of you may have tried, with lamentable results, to make a shirt for sweetheart or man friend, who was denied a husband's privilege of protest if the garment hung his arms up by the shoulders or bore unmercifully upon his Adam's apple. However, I repeat, a shirt is not really hard to make if you know how.

The first thing to do is to buy a good pattern. I have

selected McCall's Pattern for Men's Shirt No. 4202, because it is a simple garment with unusually good lines—just such a smart shirt as men like to wear. This pattern may be had in ten sizes, from thirteen and a half to eighteen inches neck measure. The neck measurements correspond to the breast size, and so if your man wears a fifteen and a half neckband he will probably measure forty inches about the chest. You should be sure of both measurements before you go to buy your pattern, but if there is a departure from the standard, it would be better to buy the neck size, as it is easier to alter the width across the chest than the size of the neck, which must have no fullness.

If you have an old shirt which you know fits well, it would be a good plan to rip that apart, and spread your pattern out on it to get it the exact size. Once you obtain an accurate pattern, you can cut and make up the shirts without the necessity of a special fitting for each one, but, of course, that is supposing you have gained experience by much practise of your art.



MEN'S SHIRT NO. 4202

TO MAKE this shirt in fifteen and a half neck size, which is considered about the medium, will require three yards and five-eighths of material thirty-six inches wide. As I have illustrated it, it is made of silk shirting, with figured white ground and a tiny black stripe. Shirting like this can be bought for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a yard, but you can often pick up at the silk sales remnants long enough to make a shirt for much less than that price. Linen is also a satisfactory material for summer shirts, and madras, of course, is staple. But, whatever material you use, I think you may safely count on getting the shirts for about half what they would cost in the shops if you bought them ready-made.

When you have become fully acquainted with your pattern, and understand just how the various

parts are put together, but not before, you may cut out the shirt. Arrange the pattern on the material as I have illustrated in Fig. 6, the diagram for cutting, for in this way you can cut the shirt from the least amount of material. The back, (B), is laid with the center, marked by three crosses (+), on a fold of material, the cuff pieces with an edge on the selvages, and all the parts with the four large circles (●) running lengthwise the goods. Be sure to cut the notches before you remove the pattern from the goods, as they will guide you in putting the pieces together correctly.

The first thing to do is to sew the yoke to the back. Gather the top of the back on either side in the spaces

between the crosses (+). Turn under the lower edge of the yoke three-eighths of an inch, lap it over the back with the centers together and the notches (>) and armhole edges even, and baste close to the fold edge. Fold under the front edges of the yoke, lap over all the tops of the fronts and baste in the same way. Now turn in the edges of the second yoke piece, baste it smoothly in position over the wrong side of the yoke for a lining. Then on the right side stitch the yoke, front and back, close to the fold edges. A second row of stitching an eighth of an inch above this gives a finished look and catches any part of the lining which may, perchance, have escaped from the first stitching. The shirt we are making is open all the way down the front, a style which greatly lightens the labors of the laundry-woman. The lower parts of the front edges, below the pleat piece, are narrowly hemmed, with hems a quarter of an inch wide. Do this before you finish the upper parts with the pleat, so that the upper ends of the hems may be hidden. As a man's clothes are fastened from left to right, instead of from right to left as women do theirs, you must be sure, in sewing on the pleat piece, to sew it to the left side. Turn under the edges and lower end of the pleat piece three-eighths of an inch, and also the edge of the left-front from neck edge to top of hem, folding the shirt edge, however, over onto the right side of the goods that the pleat may cover the raw edge. Baste the pleat to position on the front of shirt with front edges even, and stitch all around one-eighth of an inch from the fold edges. Underface the right-front with the other strip like pleat piece—all the pieces are cut double, you know

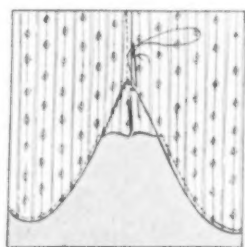


FIG. 5—HEMMING THE GUSSET

—lay strip on right-front, right sides of goods together, and stitch three-eighths of an inch from the edge, then fold the strip back, turn under the free edge and the end, and stitch all around to the wrong side of the shirt.

The next step is to finish the neck, in order to prevent any possible stretching of the neck edge in handling the shirt, because nothing destroys the value of his shirt in a man's eyes more than a stretched and ill-fitting neck. If the wearer-to-be will submit to a fitting, it will be a good idea to try on the shirt at this juncture to make sure that it is of the proper size. Now take the two pieces of the neckband and cut an interlining of stout muslin, of the same size and shape. Baste the muslin piece to the wrong side of one of the silk pieces, lay the other silk piece on this, right sides of silk together, and stitch around the upper edge in a three-eighths of an inch seam. Turn so that the silk will be on the outside on both sides of the neckband and crease the fold edge flat. Baste the fold edge to keep the silk from slipping higher on one side than the other. Place the neckband inside the neck edge of the shirt, and baste to the edge that side of neckband having muslin interlining and silk together, matching the center-backs and bringing ends of neckband exactly to the edges of shirt fronts. Stitch in a three-eighths of an inch seam, then turn, crease flat and fold under the edge of the free silk portion of the neckband three-eighths of an inch.

Baste this down over the seam and stitch to position on the right side, close to the fold edge. Also stitch the neckband around the upper edge on the right side one-eighth of an inch from the edge.

You must now finish the slashes in the sleeves, and stitch the sleeves into the armholes before the underarm seams are sewed up. Slash the sleeves up from the hand along the row of small circles (●), and sew the short edge of the overlap, marked with a small circle, to the front edge of the slash, as shown in Fig. 2. The front of the sleeve is indicated by the row of four large circles (●), and if you observe this you will not make the mistake of finishing both sleeves for the same arm. Turn the overlap back along the row of large circles (●), shown by the dotted line in Fig. 2, turn under all the edges three-eighths of an inch and stitch to position on the right side of the sleeve all around the edge. To the back edges of the slashes, sew strips of the material for underlaps. Cut the strips a little longer than the slash and two inches wide. Place the right side of the strip to the wrong side of the sleeve, stitch turnover, fold under the free edge and stitch down on the right side, covering the seam. Then holding the overlap in position over the underlap, set two rows of stitching to hold the two together, across the overlap, a short distance below the point, as illustrated in Fig. 3. Sew on the pocket next. Turn over the upper part at the small circles (●) for a lap, unless there is a right and wrong to your goods, in which case you will have to cut them apart and sew the lap on in a seam. Sew pocket to the left-front with upper edge at small circles (●)

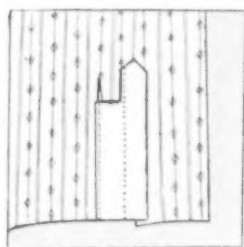


FIG. 2—OVERLAP ON SLEEVE

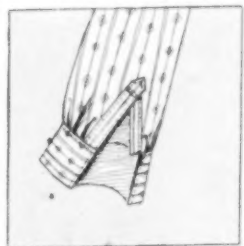


FIG. 3—THE COMPLETED SLASH

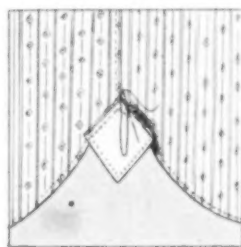


FIG. 4—SEWING IN GUSSET

and large circles (●) toward front. Turn in the upper edges of the sleeves three-eighths of an inch and the edges of armholes the same distance, lap armholes over tops of sleeves and stitch on both fold edges. In

arranging the sleeves, the four large circles (●) are placed at the front, the small circle at the front seam of the yoke, and the edges of the sleeves exactly even with the edges of fronts and backs.

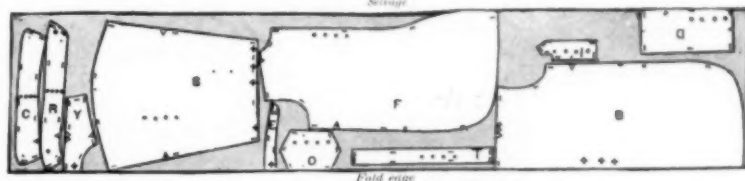


FIG. 6—DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING

Now baste the side seams on the right side, from the upper termination of the vents, up to the armholes and on down the length of the sleeves, making the tops of vents, armhole seams and ends of sleeves come exactly together. Stitch the seams one-eighth of an inch from the edge, trim, turn to the wrong side and stitch again in French seams. Interline the cuffs with one thickness of muslin, and attach them to the lower edges of the sleeves in exactly the same manner as I directed for sewing on the neckband.

Hem the skirt all around in a hem one-quarter of an inch wide. To stay the side seams, sew in gussets, as illustrated in Figs. 4 and 5. Cut two small squares of the material an inch and a half square, sew two sides by hand to the tops of the vents with one corner at the seam, as you see it in Fig. 4. Then turn in the other two edges, fold up and hem down over the first sewing. Sew four buttons at equal distances apart on the right-front, and work buttonholes to correspond up and down in the pleat on the left-front.



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Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
(Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label



Dancing Daisy, plump and sweet,
Skips along with bounce and spring.
What incites her lively feet?
Campbell's Soups so nourishing

FOR THE HOME NEEDLEWOMAN

By HELEN THOMAS

PLAIN and unattractive indeed would be our dress if embroidery and lace stitching had never been devised. With our knowledge of needlecraft, however, we can make the plainest and simplest materials into waists and gowns, hats and parasols, fine enough and dainty enough to gratify the most fastidious and discriminating taste. This waist, made by McCall Pattern No. 5233, is a stylish model, but you would scarcely give it more than a passing glance were it developed, unadorned, in plain white lawn. But, beautified by the design provided by McCall Kautograph Transfer Design No. 533, it becomes a most attractive blouse. The design provides for waist-front, collar and cuffs, and the embroidery is done in satin stitch, eyelet and Venetian ladder work. For the padding embroidery cotton No. 30 was used, and for the embroidery No. 35. Should the material chosen for development be fine handkerchief linen, correspondingly fine grades of cotton, Nos. 45 and 50, should be used. The simplicity of the motifs and the ease with which they may be worked will be appreciated by the expert needlewoman, while the amateur will experience little difficulty in acquiring them.

A NEW fashion, that of having the hat of lingerie with embroidered motifs similar to those on the waist, has been introduced. Delightfully cool and pleasing for July and August days, whether they be spent at the seashore, in city or country, are these unpretentious caps. No summer cap could meet with more appreciation than will be accorded this design. The number of the Transfer Pattern is 534. This gives not alone the embroidery design, but pattern and rule for making the cap. The embroidery is done in satin stitch, buttonholing, and eyelets. The same grade of embroidery cotton may be used as suggested for the waist. A like quality of linen may also be used. The cap consists of three pieces, the crown, twenty-one inches in diameter, shirred to fit the head-size, the brim,

which is attached to the front section of the crown, and the quill in the center of which is run a tuck to accommodate a stiffening wire. For wear either with this waist or with lingerie summer frocks, this is a singularly appropriate hat. But in order to be quite à la mode, milady should not limit her embroideries to frock, waist and cap. The parasol, too, should belong to her outfit. It is a most effective accessory to her toilette.

Generally speaking, no woman raises an objection to the embroidery or the task of putting the pieces together, but the difficulty is felt to be in the mounting. It seems to be beyond her skill. But the mounting is, in reality, quite simple, and requires much less time than does the construction of the cover. The frame-work should first be chosen; long wood handles and indented ribs are most fashionable. If, however, a frame can be procured from the attic or storeroom, and it is in good condition, it will answer very well. If the handle be carved or of unusual appearance, so much the better. For the embroidered sections Transfer Design No. 537 is used. The embroidery is done in satin stitch and Venetian ladder work; for linen of medium weight No. 35 embroidery cotton is used. The pattern includes four sections, which may be applied to the material alternately. When the embroidery is finished the process of joining the sections and mounting begins. Accurate measurement must be made of the space between the ribs. The section is cut an eighth of an inch wider than this measurement, to allow for seam by which the various sections are joined, the lower



LADIES' WAIST NO. 5233
EMBROIDERED WITH TRANSFER DESIGN NO. 533
Transfer Design for Cap No. 534



Transfer Design for Parasol No. 537

edge is narrowly hemmed, and the cover is ready for mounting. This is done by slipping the cover over the end and tacking it to the ends of ribs and at one or two places along each rib to hold the cover taut. If, however, the task of mounting is considered too great, any umbrella house will be very glad to do it. If it is desired to embroider all the sections, two patterns should be bought.

(Continued on page 51)

FOR THE HOME NEEDLEWOMAN

(Continued from page 50)

Since Bulgarian coloring has been so heartily approved by Dame Fashion, it is a wise vision which has foreseen its possibilities for embroidery. Very attractive is the collar illustrated below, for which Transfer Design No. 536 is used. A collar in this coloring is especially desirable, as it may be worn with any shade of suit or frock, its tones of green, black, purple and yellow blending in well with any shade. As illustrated, the embroidery was done on linen, but open-mesh fabrics, as voile, ratine and agarie, may also be employed. This collar develops well in silk embroidery on voile or agarie. Satin and buttonhole stitches are used for the motifs and edge, while the small circular spots on the inner side nearest the collar line are done in French knots. Not only may the colors suggested be used, but as many others as desired may be introduced. White, tan and red is also a Bulgarian combination which has won much popularity. The colorings do not conform to any plan, but the apparent hodge-podge forms a harmonious scheme similar to that seen in the silks of the Bulgarian type.

FOR the child's frock no style of trimming equals in beauty and daintiness the bit of hand-wrought embroidery. Mothers realize the truth of this, and spend moments which otherwise might be given to nerveless folding of the hands in actively turning out the dainty stitches which contribute to the charm of the little garments. In the small frock of the illustration, fashioned after McCall Pattern No. 4824, and developed in white piqué, Transfer Design No. 535 was used on the collar and cuffs. These, too, are developed in white piqué and wrought with blue embroidery cotton. No. 15 cotton was used for the padding and No. 18 for the embroidery.

The embroidery is done in outline stitch, French knots and buttonholing, and, if desired, may be embroidered in white rather than blue thread. The collar and cuffs are equally applicable to a coat or a separate set done in silk.

The dainty sunhat pictured on the figure is also of piqué, Transfer Design No. 451 providing both pattern and embroidery. The pattern consists of two pieces, the embroidery of the central spray motif on the front section to be wrought in satin stitch and eyelet. Both front section and crown are buttonholed all about the edges. No daintier or more serviceable sunbonnet for hot summer days could be chosen for the tiny girl.

SPRAYS contribute no small part to the decorative scheme of dainty wearing apparel and household linen. For the golden-rod sprays, shown on this page, Transfer Design No. 532 is used. The pattern contains seven of the motifs, which are worked in satin or outline stitch and French knots. The sprays are equally effective whether done in white or yellow cotton or silk. If wrought on household linen, No. 15 embroidery cotton should be used; if on linen of dress quality, the motifs, which are No. 25 cotton, would be the right grade, while for fine handkerchief linen, No. 40 thread would give the best results. The advantage of a spray motif is the number of uses to which it may be applied.

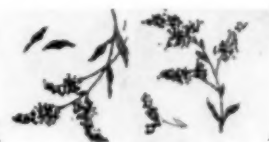
Editor's Note.—A McCall Kaumagraph pattern of any of the designs on this page and page 52 may be purchased for 10 cents at any McCall pattern agency, or will be sent postpaid from McCall Company, New York, for 10 cents in stamps. Miss Thomas will be glad to answer inquiries, if stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.



TRANSFER DESIGN NO. 536
COLLAR FOR BULGARIAN
EMBROIDERY



CHILD'S DRESS NO. 4824
Transfer Design for Collar and Cuffs No. 535
Child's Sunbonnet, Transfer Design No. 451



Transfer Design No. 532, Golden-Rod Sprays



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THE NEW APPENZELL STITCH

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

ONE would scarcely think it possible that human inventive genius could find anything new to devise in embroidery in this age of the world, so busily have the needleworkers of each century searched every cranny of Nature for novel motifs and designs. Every once in a while, however, a new stitch is provided for lovers of the embroiderer's art, furnishing us with ever more beautiful methods of decorating our dress and embellishing and adorning our homes.

The latest offering is the Appenzell stitch. A number of articles are illustrated on this page and the next, which make plain the application of this method of embroidery to various uses. A summer hat to wear with dainty lingerie gowns, dresser scarf, tray-cloth, pin-cushion, centerpiece and pillow top, are only a few of the many beautiful objects which can be charmingly decorated by this effective mode of embroidery.

THE Appenzell stitch is named for the little town in Switzerland where the brain of some clever needlewoman evolved this happy method of imitating Nature's crafty handiwork. She wanted to give to the petals and leaves of the blossoms she was reproducing that vividness of expression which makes their appeal to our love of beauty when we first see them in the early spring, or visit our country homes after long months of the city's brick-and-mortar existence. And so she padded the little petals with No. 20 embroidery cotton, setting her padding stitches back and forth from side to side of leaf or motif, and then, with heavier cotton, worked again over this first filling, this time laying close-set stitches the length of the leaf, from stem-end to tip.

In leaves and buds all the lengthwise stitches are brought up from the same point at the stem-end, but at the other

end they are set as close together as possible around the outline of the leaf. In the daisies or other flowers having punch-work or Roman cut-work centers, the petals are broader at the base, and are worked by bringing up the thread in close-set stitches across the bottom of the petal. All of them, petals and leaves, are entirely covered with straight, long stitches, and have a smooth surface as lustrous as that of the natural daisy or the lovely, wild Cherokee rose.

The stems are worked in outline stitch, and the leaves are varied, some of them done in the regular Appenzell embroidery, others simply outlined and the surface covered with seeding stitches. The buds are also pleasingly varied with Appenzell and seeding. Large flowers, such as the daisies in the hat, pillow-top, and tray-cloth, are made light and lacey by punch-work centers, while irregular motifs, like those on table-scarf and centerpiece, are also developed in the centers with punch-work.

An extremely attractive arrangement of the various motifs in Appenzell embroidery is seen in the wreaths in the center of the pillow-top and on the ends of the dresser-scarf. The punchwork centers in these are surrounded by garlands of Cherokee roses. The hearts of the roses are done in Roman cut-work, the edges of the openings being worked as eyelets,

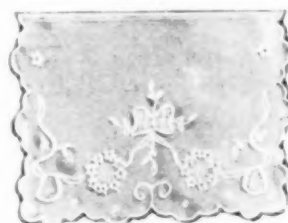
however, instead of buttonholed, as is generally the case with cut-work. Flowers too small for the Roman cut-work centers may be done with simple eyelets instead, and small eyelets incorporated in the design at appropriate places are also an effective addition to a piece of work.

The embroidery in all the articles illustrated is done in white on white, as the stitch was first designed, but very striking effects may be obtained by applying the white stitches to a pale blue or pink ground. A necessary word of caution in

(Continued on page 53)



SUMMER HAT, NO. 10317



DRESSER OR TABLE-SCARF, NO. 10318



TRAY-CLOTH, NO. 10319

THE NEW APPENZELL STITCH

(Continued from page 52)

regard to Appenzell embroidery is this—the work must be done in the embroidery frame or hoops. In no other way can the requisite smoothness be given to the leaves and petals. The slightest drawing of one stitch tighter than another will pull and crinkle the petal, destroying completely that smooth surface which is the beauty of Appenzell work.

The fashion of wearing embroidered hats with lingerie dresses is of comparatively recent date, but it is one of the most pleasing of modern styles. This hat, No. 10317, is extremely attractive done in Appenzell embroidery. The pattern comes in two pieces, one circle for the brim and one for the crown. After they are embroidered, cut the center of the piece for the brim to fit the head-size of a wire or buckram frame, cover the top of the frame with the crown piece, and run ribbon through the eyelets to draw the crown in to fit the frame. Finish with a bow of ribbon set low at the back of the hat, as the mode is this season. The wire or buckram frame should first be covered with quilled maline or chiffon, either white or of a delicate tint to match the ribbon on the outside. The design for this hat may be had stamped on good quality lawn for thirty cents, or on pure white linen for sixty-five cents; free for two fifty-cent subscriptions. Four skeins, No. 16 embroidery cotton, two skeins, No. 20, one ball heavier cotton, and punch-work needle, thirty-five cents extra.

THE dresser or table-scarf, No. 10318, on pure white linen, 18x50, sixty-five cents, or for two fifty-cent subscriptions. Four skeins of No. 16 embroidery cotton, three skeins of No. 20, two balls of heavier cotton and one punch-work needle, fifty cents extra.

This pretty tray-cloth, No. 10319, is 18x24 inches. It is stamped on pure white linen, price, 35 cents. Two skeins each of No. 16 and No. 20 embroidery cotton, one ball heavier cotton and punch-work needle, thirty cents extra.

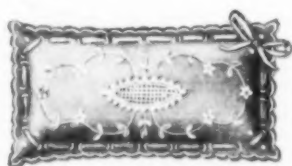
No. 10320 makes a useful pincushion because the embroidered covers for top and bottom, laced together with baby ribbon, may easily be taken apart for laundering. This design is stamped on pure white linen, 10x5 inches, two pieces, back and front, fifteen cents. Two skeins No. 20 embroidery cotton, one ball heavier cotton and punch-work needle, ten cents extra.

No. 10321, an exact match for the tray-cloth, may be had, stamped on pure white linen, in two sizes, 22x22, for a centerpiece, at forty cents; and 36x36 for lunch-cloth or table-cloth, at eighty cents, or free for two fifty-cent subscriptions. Two skeins No. 16 cotton, one skein No. 20, one ball heavier cotton and one punch-work needle for embroidering centerpiece, twenty-five cents extra.

For embroidering lunch-cloth, five skeins No. 16 cotton, three skeins No. 20, two balls heavier cotton and punch-work needle, forty cents extra.

The pillow top, No. 10322, stamped on pure white linen, 18x18, twenty-five, or with back, forty-five cents. One yard lace, two skeins No. 16 cotton, two skeins No. 20 cotton, one ball heavier cotton and punch-work needle, forty cents extra.

Editor's Note.—Any questions on embroidery will be gladly answered by our Fancy Work Editor, Miss Thomas. For those who wish to use their own goods instead of the stamped material offered here, we can supply a perforated pattern of any design on these pages for 15 cents. Material for stamping and directions are included. We pay postage.



PINCUSHION, NO. 10320



CENTERPIECE, NO. 10321



PILLOW TOP, NO. 10322



Ready When You Stop

A food immediately ready for use. Add a little cream (or milk) and a sprinkle of sugar.

It is put up in double sealed packages—impossible of contamination from dust or moisture.

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HELPS FOR AMATEUR SINGERS

LESSON VII

By BEULAH L. HOUSTON

THIS month it is time for us to have a little talk about registers, but I would like to preface it with a warning, since some singers make a hobby of the subject and attach to it disproportionate importance. Remember, therefore—this is my warning—that it is not at any time essential for you to know just where you change from one register to another in singing. The only important thing for you is to work to get your whole range so smooth that there will be no break whatever between the registers.

A register is a series of consecutive tones of like quality which are produced by the same mechanism. In a piano the strings which produce the lowest tones are heavier and longer than those which produce the highest tones. In the human voice, the vocal cords possess the quality of changing their length and thickness and adjusting themselves automatically to enable them to respond to mental direction.

In the lowest or chest register, the vocal cords vibrate to greatest length and breadth. When such a chest tone is correctly produced—i.e., with free throat and chin, and a general sense of relaxation—the vibrations are felt in the trunk of the body (Figure 1). These tones can be correctly carried as high up on the scale as is possible to the singer while keeping a relaxed and easy condition of the throat, chin and tongue.



FIGURE 1.—NOTING THE VIBRATION PRODUCED IN TRUNK BY A CHEST TONE

It is safer, for all voices, to be chary about carrying this heavy register as high as one thinks one can.

AFTER these tones have been reached, the vocal cords adjust themselves differently for the production of the next series of notes, known as the medium register, sometimes called the "mixed" because there is occasionally a slight vibration of the chest with some of the tones (Fig. 2), although the greatest vibration is felt against the teeth. It cannot be correctly and freely produced with tightened lips; the upper lip, especially, must be flexible. In this register the tones are carried up to C or D, not often above E.

The head tone takes its name from the fact that there is seemingly no vibration in any of the muscles from the tongue down. The tone, if correctly produced, is clear and flutelike. All voices can produce it. Many teachers work from the head tones down, because of the freedom of the throat and breath in singing head tones. They can be carried down indefinitely. This is equally good



FIGURE 2.—NOTING THE VIBRATION FROM TONES OF MEDIUM REGISTER

practise for either men's or women's voices, although for public singing the use of the head tones is effective only in women's voices.

In cases of extreme and obstinate "throatiness", practising from the head-tones down is often the only way possible in which to work out of the condition. Where there are breaks between the different registers, these may be overcome by practising softly on all of the vowels, from the register above into the one below (Voice Exercise No. 14), beginning several tones above the break and working to about the same number below. Where the breath is properly controlled, and the tone resting in it, the registers naturally blend into one another without conscious thought on the part of the singer. In fact, as a rule, the less the amateur singer thinks of registers the better.

Many mistakenly suppose that voices are classified according to the length of the range. You will often find sopranos singing alto under the impression that be-

(Continued on page 63)

INCREASING THE BUST MEASUREMENT

By ANNETTE BEACON

IF WE ever needed a good figure, certainly now is the time, for the current styles rely for a great part of their effect upon the soft curves and graceful lines of a normal, well-developed figure.



GRACEFUL CURVES ARE A BEAUTY ASSET

Are you one of those whose mirror discloses shortcomings which should be remedied? Then let's talk it over; for, whatever your problem, I am sure, together, we will chance upon a satisfactory solution.

First, let us consider the case of the girl whose bust rethirty-two-inch measurement. If she is eighteen or under, let her remember that there is nothing more delicate than the slender lines of a girlish figure and make no effort to alter her appearance. If, however, she is a fully-fledged young woman, a bride, or a matron of years, it is the part of wisdom for her to determine to develop her figure to proper proportions.

IF THE whole body fails to measure up to standard, diet is the first agent of reform to enlist. You need more or better nourishment. The milk diet will provide this in the simplest, most easily digested form, and increase your weight



THE TAPE MEASURE TESTS TO THE VALUE OF THE MILK DIET

from one and a half to three or four pounds a week, the bust, of course, sharing in the general development. A use of the tape-measure, after a few weeks of the milk diet, will provide cause for rejoicing.

Next, let us try some simple local treatments. Hie yourself off to the nearest drug store and purchase a cake or two of cocoa butter. Then, when you are ready for bed at night, seat yourself cosily at your dressing-table and, with lighted candle before you, heat a cake of the cocoa butter over the flame until it begins to melt. Quickly transfer it to the bust and apply gently with a circular motion. Warm again, and again massage, until the breasts and shoulders have been well anointed. Do not be afraid

of using too much, because your object is to secure its absorption by the skin. Be careful not to handle the breasts roughly, but let every movement be light and delicate. A fifteen-minute treatment is ample, and should be followed by a thorough spray with cold water.

IN THE morning, on rising, fill a basin with hot water, to which has been added ten drops of tincture of benzoin, and bathe the bust until the skin is pink and glowing. Then spray with cold water. This will help to firm the flesh.

Be careful not to bind the bust with any of your clothing—brassieres and other trig and tight wearing apparel are for your full-busted sisters; your own garments, at all times, should leave the bust plenty of room, without compression.



COCOA BUTTER IS EXCELLENT TO DEVELOP THE FIGURE

Let the flat-busted woman eat half a dozen figs each night, or soak six prunes over night in a tumbler of water, and in the morning drink the water and eat the prunes, masticating them thoroughly before swallowing. A couple of glasses of hot water an hour before each meal, and just before retiring, will also help in the good work.

I wish you would try the cocoa massage, plus a reform in your diet, for the next month. If you want any additional aid, there is a very simple treatment which secures excellent results for most people. It consists of a fattening liquid, of which two dessertspoonfuls are taken before each meal.

The woman with too full a bust should use the following pomade nightly, and follow with an astringent compress:

THE VAUCAIRE ASTRINGENT POMADE
White vaseline 30 grams
Aristol 2 grams
Essence of peppermint 10 drops

Editor's Note.—Every woman possesses the possibilities of attraction. Beauty often lies merely in clear eyes, well-cared-for skin, nicely manicured nails, soft and luxuriant hair and an attractive figure. It is Miss Beacon's object in this department to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.



A Fly in the Milk One Second Carries Death for Your Baby

Look out for flies and look out for open milk bottles—look out for milk in its travels from the dairy to your baby's mouth.

If you knew the cow the milk came from, and who milked that cow; if you could be with the milk from the moment it left the cow till it entered the little baby mouth; if you could purify and modify it, as Doctors say should be done, you could give your baby cows' milk without fear. These things you can't do. But you can rely on

Nestlé's Food

that comes to you packed in an air-tight can—clean—pure—that has been watched every minute—that no hands have touched.

The milk from the carefully kept Nestlé cows, purified, modified to suit your baby's delicate digestion—that is Nestlé's Food.

The addition of cold water and two minutes' boiling make it ready.

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So pure it will not injure the tenderest baby-flesh.

Your own skin will show a finer, more velvety texture from its use. Exquisite color and freshness will creep into the flesh tones.

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Delicate
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The Cost of Beauty

of a clear, fresh skin and of a matchless complexion, is the low price of the soap, famous for its purity and good results—

Pears'

SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

When answering ads mention McCALL'S

SOME FIRELESS MENUS FOR JULY

By ELIZABETH ARMSTEAD

IN GIVING the following suggestions for "fireless" menus, I have planned dishes that can be partly or wholly prepared in a modern fireless cooker, or else foods that are served without cooking, such as salads, pre-cooked cereals and fruit. The time required for cooking by the fireless method is a little longer than by a direct fire, but there is the unusual advantage that food left overtime in the closed compartment is not injured, nor can food be burned, as the heat is never increased.

The care of a fireless cooker-stove is as important as that of any other household utensil. In the first place, it should be aired and sunned frequently—in fact, the best plan is to keep the cooker wide open when it is not in use. The food compartment should be carefully wiped dry after each using, and if there are radiators for baking and browning it will be found a saving in gas or alcohol to keep them moderately warm all the time. In summer, put them out-of-doors in the direct sun; in winter, on the back of the range or heater.

The value of a fireless cooker will be at once appreciated in the family where the members arrive for their meals at differing hours. Food may be served to one, and the remainder of the dish put back to keep warm for the next comer. Instead of fussing about a hot stove just before dinner—guests arrive, the hostess can prepare everything hours in advance and receive her friends cool, sweet-tempered and serene. Speaking of cool things—ice-cream, lemonade, frozen puddings, chilled fruit and similar cold food will keep their low temperature when stored in the fireless cooker. The insulation in a two-compartment cooker is

so perfect that meat may be roasted in one side and ice-cream stored in the other. When a large picnic is planned and the party is to go to the shore or woods by wagon or automobile, or on an old-fashioned straw-ride, the fireless cooker may be pressed into service and made to carry the iced beverages and the ice-cream, or to keep hot biscuits and chicken ready to be served *à la* luxe.

In the accompanying menus it is assumed that breakfast cereals will be put into the fireless cooker overnight and served hot in the morning whenever they are wanted. Muffins and gems may always be had for breakfast, without the effort needed to get up a hot coal fire; they may be mixed according to any receipt and baked for about the usual length of time—twenty minutes to three-quarters of an hour.

SPANISH SOUP.—Cut two slices of bacon in small pieces and cook in one tablespoonful of butter until tender. Add one chopped onion, salt, paprika pepper, parsley, one cupful of strained tomato, celery salt. Cook five minutes. Cut one-half pound each of mutton and beef into cubes, and add, with two quarts of water, to the seasonings.

Half a chicken may also be added. Cook for at least two hours in the fireless cooker with one radiator, or five hours, without a radiator. Garnish with bits of Spanish red pepper when serving.

SAMP.—Large hominy, or samp, requires such long cooking that the fireless cooker offers the only way to avoid undue expense for fuel. Soak the samp overnight, and cook all day in the fireless

(Continued on page 57)



Some Fireless Menus for July

BREAKFAST
Strawberries Oatmeal
Coffee Graham Gems

LUNCH
Cold Sliced German Sausage
Creamed Potatoes with Parsley
Individual Caramel Custards Iced Tea

DINNER
Shoulder of Lamb, Boned, Stuffed and Rolled
June Peas
*Samp Onion and Green Pepper Salad
Sea Moss Blanc Mange, Strawberry Sauce

BREAKFAST
Bananas Ready-to-Serve Cereal
Hard-Boiled Eggs in Cream Sauce Coffee

LUNCH
Cold Lamb *Potatoes Baked in Milk
Corn-Bread Stewed Green Gages Iced Tea

DINNER
Julienne Soup
Spaghetti a l'Italienne (with Tomato) Veal Loaf
Maple Tapioca

BREAKFAST
Raspberries Ready-to-Serve Cereal
*Raised Biscuit Coffee

LUNCH
*Pea Soup with Frankfurters Potato Salad
New Bread Fresh or Canned Cherries

DINNER
Corn Soup *Chicken with d'Aube Gravy
Rice String Beans *Mock-Cherry Pie

BREAKFAST
Baked Apples Ready-to-Serve Cereal
Kipper Herring Coffee

PICNIC LUNCH
Cream Cheese and Pimiento Sandwiches
Deviled Eggs *Cubist Cakes Lemonade

*Receipts are given on these pages for all dishes marked with a star.

SOME FIRELESS MENUS FOR JULY

(Continued from page 56)

cooker in salted water. Serve with butter, salt and pepper instead of potato. from dried peas, lentils or beans are better the longer they cook.

POTATOES BAKED IN MILK.—Slice raw potatoes very thin into a baking-dish. Add salted milk to fill the dish and one teaspoonful of butter to each pint of milk. Parsley and pepper may be also used to season. Bake in the cooker two and one-half hours, using two radiators.



RAISED BISCUIT is suggested because in many families Wednesday or Thursday is the day for baking, and a part of the dough may well be used in this time-saving way.

CHICKEN WITH D'AUBE GRAVY.—Disjoint a fowl, wash and singe it and cook it in the fireless cooker in two cupfuls of salted boiling water for two hours. Meanwhile make a gravy as follows: one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of lard, rubbed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Dilute partially with two cupfuls of tomato-juice, add one large tablespoonful of minced onion and cayenne pepper to taste. Cook until the gravy is well blended and very thick. Then take the chicken out of the fireless cooker, add the chicken stock, and when smoothly mixed with the gravy, put both chicken and gravy back into the cooker for two hours longer.

PEA-SOUP WITH FRANKFURTERS.—Boil the frankfurters and remove the skins. Cut them into slices, allowing about two sausages to each person, and add them to soup made from dried peas, about an hour before it is ready to take from the cooker. All soups may be prepared in the fireless cooker, but those made

MOCK-CHERRY PIE.—Cover the lower crust of a pie thickly with seeded raisins. Rinse one and one-half cupfuls of cranberries in water after they have been quartered, removing all the seeds. Sprinkle these over the raisins. Pare an apple and shave it over the cranberries. Add one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of water and one teaspoonful of almond flavoring. Dust the top with flour. Cut strips of pastry for the top and bake about three-quarters of an hour in the fireless cooker, using two radiators, hissing hot.

CUBIST CAKES.—Make a plain cake according to your usual receipt and bake it in layer tins in the fireless cooker—use two radiators and bake thirty minutes. Cut the layers up into all sorts of geometric shapes—cubes, rectangles, triangles, and segments of circles. Cover them with vanilla and chocolate icing, made with confectioner's sugar, and when serving at the picnic pile in a chaotic heap—those who have followed the "Cubist" movement will enjoy the resemblance. If the brilliant colors attributed

to the Cubists are desired, wrap the separate cakes first in paraffin paper and then in vari-colored tissue-papers; or buy some of the baker's colorings if you can get them from a reliable place, and tint your vanilla icing green, yellow, pink, orange, violet, etc.

SHRIMPS AND RICE.—Canned shrimps will do. Cook one cupful of rice in two cupfuls of water for one hour in the

Some Fireless Menus for July

SUPPER	
*Shrimps and Rice	Astor Salad
Cocoa	
BREAKFAST	
Prunes	Ready-to-Serve Cereal
Berry Muffins	Coffee
LUNCH	
*Shirred Eggs in a Noodle Case	
Tomato and Lettuce Salad	
Gingerbread	
DINNER	
Boiled Smoked Tongue with Watercress	Spinach
Boston Baked Beans	Brown Bread
Raspberry Sherbet	
BREAKFAST	
Chilled Orange-Juice	Ready-to-Serve Cereal
Steamed Finnan Haddie	Popovers
Coffee	
DINNER	
Cream of Spinach Soup	
Asparagus Vinaigrette	Rare Roast Beef
French Potato-Balls	
Peach or Strawberry Mousse	Coffee
SUPPER	
Cold Tongue	Hot Biscuits
Mixed Fruit Salad	Iced Tea
*Mocha Sponge-Cake	
BREAKFAST	
Grape Fruit	Corn Meal Mush
Parker House Rolls	Coffee
LUNCH	
Baked Deviled Clams	Potatoes au Gratin
Apple, Date and Peanut Salad	
DINNER	
Tomato Soup	
Beef and Kidney Pie, Dumpling Crust	
Lima Beans	Pineapple Pudding

*Receipts are given on these pages for all dishes marked with a star.



Good For Both

Parents frequently deny children the table beverage they drink themselves, because "coffee and tea aren't good for the little folks."

It's different with

INSTANT POSTUM

This new food-drink, made entirely from wheat and the juice of sugar-cane, is genuine nourishment, and has fine color and aroma.

It tastes much like high-grade Javas, but is absolutely free from caffeine (the drug in coffee and tea) or any other harmful ingredient.

Instant Postum is regular Postum so processed that a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water dissolves instantly and makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more, and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large quantity of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

For a summer "cooler" add cracked ice, sugar and a little lemon juice.

Instant Postum is sold by grocers. 45 to 50 cup tins, 30c. Larger tins (90 to 100 cups), 50c.

Regular Postum (must be boiled 15 to 20 minutes) large package—about 50 cups—25c.

"There's a Reason"
for

POSTUM

Sold by grocers everywhere.

(Continued on page 58)



"Who Wants to Cook in Hot Weather, Anyway?"

"There! there's something you can make for Rob and the children, even if you can't cook. Who wants to cook in hot weather, anyway? Jell-O doesn't have to be cooked. Isn't it lovely?"

JELL-O

desserts are not only easy to make and "lovely," but they are the finest of summer dishes.

In hot weather you find your appetite craves something *different*—something pleasantly tangy or tart—something that will taste good and "hit the spot."

Fruit itself does not satisfy that peculiar craving as cool, sparkling, delicious, fruity Jell-O does.

Seven flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, 10 cents, at any grocer's.

The famous "Six Cooks" Recipe Book will be sent free to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.



Some Fireless Menus for July

(Continued from page 57)

fireless cooker. Drain off any moisture remaining, and add one can of shrimps, one egg beaten with one cupful of milk, salt, Worcestershire, cayenne. Bake for half an hour in the fireless cooker with two radiators.

CHICKEN SALAD SANDWICHES.—Mix cold chicken with a mayonnaise dressing and use for filling. It is more acceptable than a plain chicken sandwich.

BAKED DEVILED CLAMS.—Season one pint of chopped, round clams with salt, paprika, Worcestershire, and cayenne; add an equal quantity of bread-crumbs mixed with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and fill into large clam-shells. Dust with bread-crumbs and bake one hour, using two radiators.


SHIRRED EGGS IN A NOODLE-CASE.—Line a baking-dish with cooked noodles or spaghetti. Moisten with half a cupful of cream or rich milk; break into the dish as many eggs as required, float over them half a cupful more cream, one tablespoonful of grated cheese, dots of butter. Season with salt and cayenne and bake half an hour in the fireless cooker, or until the eggs are set.

MOCHA SPONGE-CAKE.—One cupful of flour, one level teaspoonful of baking-powder, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, three eggs beaten separately, three tablespoonfuls strong coffee. Beat a long time, and bake in a tube-pan twenty-five minutes, using two radiators. When cool cover with mocha frosting.

MOCHA FROSTING.—Beat one tablespoonful of butter to a cream. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat till absolutely creamy and without granulated particles; add one egg yolk and continue to beat. Work in gradually three tablespoonfuls of sweet, thick cream and two tablespoonfuls of strong coffee.

Editor's Note.—Questions in regard to preparing any of the dishes mentioned in this issue of the magazine will be cheerfully answered through the mail by our Cooking Editor, Mrs. Armstead, who will be glad, also, to supply suggestions for special menus, receipts for a desired cake, dessert, conserve or other product of the cooking-stove, and advice as to any cookery problems which may confront our readers, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry. Mrs. Armstead cannot furnish receipts in large numbers on any one inquiry, but will always be glad to give in detail some one or two good tested receipts for whatever dishes are particularly desired, or to refer our readers to some issue of the magazine containing them.

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When you know how quickly and thoroughly the "ROBERTS" mixes and beats eggs, custards, gravies, etc.; how it mixes soft drinks and a hundred other things, and how simple, how cleanly and how well made it is, you won't be willing to keep house without it. It's only 50c. by prepaid Parcel Post for this absolutely unequalled mixer. Who can afford not to own one? Who wouldn't save time and money on an investment like this?

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78 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
Agents make big money selling it.

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We want every man, woman, boy and girl in the world to see this wonderful camera as soon as possible, and if you will promise to show yours to your friends you may have it at half price. The regular prices are \$5 (Model A), \$10 (Model B) and \$15 (Model C)—prices to you, **\$2.50, \$5.00 or \$7.50.** Model A takes pictures 2½ x 3½ inches, Model B 3¼ x 5½ inches, Model C takes both sizes. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover parcel post, extra sensitized cards and developing powders.

Write today, enclosing Express or Postal Money Order, and the camera and supplies will be sent to you promptly. Your money back if not satisfied. Address:
GORDON CAMERA CO., 1555 Stuyvesant Bldg., New York, N. Y.

SOME OLD DUTCH RECEIPTS

(Continued from page 4)

Another rule is for the famous Dutch waffles.

WAFFLES.—Two quarts of milk, half a pound of butter, one teacupful of sugar, ten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of brewer's yeast, flour to make as stiff as pound-cake. Bake in waffle-iron. Serve with a liquid sauce.

Knickerbocker pudding is an especially delicious rice pudding. These are the directions:

KNICKERBOCKER PUDDING.—Boil one cupful of rice in one and a half quarts of milk until the milk is entirely absorbed; stir occasionally. Remove from the fire, and while hot add the yolks of three eggs, the grated rind of one lemon, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a lump of butter the size of an egg. Mix well together, put in a well-buttered earthen dish, and set aside to cool. Shortly before using, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually nine tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon. Pour the whole over the pudding, and set in the oven a few minutes till a light brown.

Puff pudding requires speed, but no great outlay for materials.

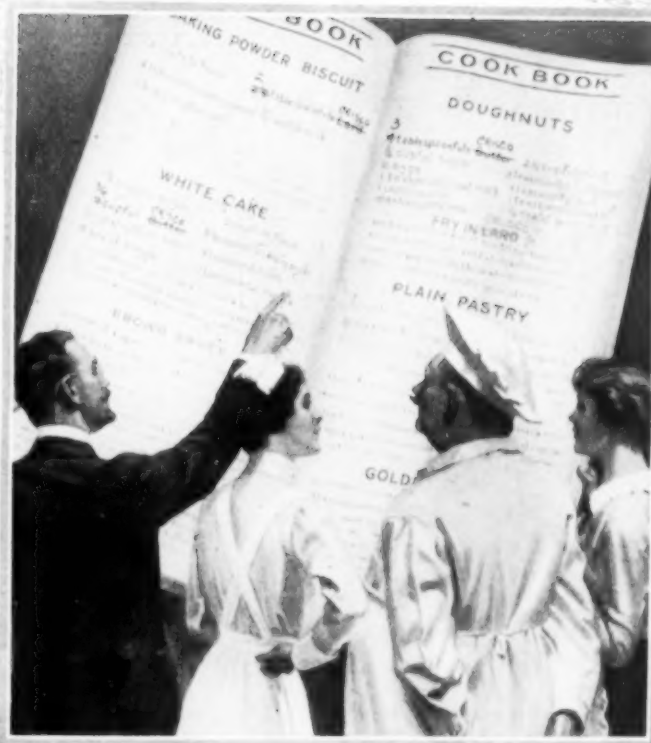
PUFF PUDDING.—One quart of milk, scalded and poured over nine tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir thoroughly; add three eggs, well beaten; bake immediately. To be eaten with a liquid sauce.

The next receipt is reminiscent of the time when fresh fruit was not to be had in winter and every housekeeper had her strings of dried fruits hanging from her rafters.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—Chop fine two cupfuls of dried apples which have been well soaked over night, and boil in two cupfuls of molasses to which have been added half a pound of raisins, three eggs, three large cupfuls of flour, two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of sweet milk, one cupful butter, one teaspoonful saleratus, one teaspoonful each of clover, cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven.

For the old New Year's Cake use the following rule:

NEW YEAR'S CAKE.—Six pounds flour, two and a half pounds sugar, one and a half pounds butter, one ounce carbonate of ammonia, pulverized, two ounces caraway seeds, and one pint of boiling water to be poured on the sugar. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the seeds next, then the liquid sugar and ammonia. Roll thin, and bake in tins.



Revising the Nation's Cook Book!

THE past few years have seen great changes in our attitude toward food. Pure food laws are now in effect; more intelligence is shown in weighing food values; Domestic Science has come to stay. In an age of advancement it is only natural that the cause of cookery should progress. The nation's cook book is being steadily bettered. Upon the pages where the words "lard" and "butter" formerly appeared, now is seen the word

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Many of the most progressive housewives, chefs, hospital dietitians and physicians have put this new and wholesome product in the place of the older and less efficient cooking fats.

You will discover many delightful qualities in Crisco cooked foods.

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Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCOSend for
catalogue "G-45."

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"Her picture shows the results of using

ESKAY'S FOOD

writes Mrs. C. C. Neylans, of Tampa, Fla.

Hot-weather teething need not trouble the baby who is well nourished, as Eskay Food babies are.



Pure, fresh cow's milk, modified with Eskay's, supplies all the food elements as found in mother's milk.

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Year after year, millions of babies are rubbed with Mennen's.

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It prevents and relieves chafing, prickly heat, rash—all skin discomforts to which babies are subject.

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25 Paid for certain 1853 Quarters; \$100 for certain 1853 Half; \$100 for 1864 2. Mini, etc. We pay highest cash premiums on all rare money. Keep all old money and send stamp for Large Illustrated Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose.

The Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. 78, Fort Worth, Texas

A Fourth-of-July Party for the Children

By EMILY ROSE BURT

A PATRIOTIC PARTY for children is a safe and sane way for a company of little folks to celebrate the Fourth.

The invitations to the party are written upon tiny sheets of white note-paper in blue ink, and a wee paper flag in red, white and blue, cut from a roll of crêpe-paper, is pasted at the top of each. The child who is giving the party may prepare these invitations and write underneath the flag:

Please come to my party
On Fourth of July—
We'll have a good time,
Or, at any rate, try.

The white envelopes which hold the invitations are addressed, as the invitations were, in blue ink and carry red stamps in the corner, and on the flap of each envelope is pasted a little flag seal.

The little hostess is dressed in white, with a sash and hair-ribbons of red, white and blue stripes. As the guests arrive they are each decorated with a small silk flag.

The first game which the children play is called "Red, White and Blue". The children sit in a circle, and one child who is It stands in the center. Whenever she points her finger at any child in the center and says "Red", that child is obliged to mention something red before the child who is It can count ten. If the child who is It says "White" or "Blue", white or blue objects must be mentioned. Objects must not be repeated, and the child who fails three times must pay a forfeit; so the game is a very jolly one.



THE next game is "Uncle Sam's Hat".

The children form in two lines, and one small boy stands between the lines holding an old silk hat tied about with a scarf of red, white and blue. The boy who holds the hat tosses it up in the air. If it comes down to the ground right-side up, the children in the right-hand line are to laugh as hard as they can, but the children on the left-hand side are not even to smile. Any child who violates this rule and laughs at the wrong time is obliged to drop out of the game. If the hat comes down wrong-side up, the left-hand line must laugh and the right-hand line must keep sober. Of course, each side tries to make the other side laugh, and by the time all the children from one side have dropped out, leaving the opposite side vic-

torious, the little folks are heartily tired and are ready for another game.

The next game calls for pencils and paper. Each child is given a sheet of paper, at the top of which is written the word Independence. The game consists in making from the word as many other words as possible, using no other letters than those in Independence. Fifteen minutes is the time limit, and when the children have finished the lists are read, the longest and the best-spelled list of words winning a prize, which may be Edward Everett Hale's wonderful story, *The Man Without a Country*.



ANOTHER pencil and paper game is called "Juggled States". The children are given sheets of paper on which are columns of nonsense words, the letters of each word being mixed up. Each set of letters spells a State, however, and the child who guesses the most States and writes the names opposite the puzzle words within a prescribed time limit wins a prize. This is a list of the Juggled States and Answers:

Juggled States	Answers
1. Nimae Maine
2. Rifanicola California
3. Wen Ryko New York
4. Geron Oregon
5. Daneav Nevada
6. Tenyckuk Kentucky
7. Himnagic Michigan
8. Drilofa Florida
9. Sanilouia Louisiana
10. Trevnom Vermont

An appropriate prize for this game is a jig-saw map of the United States in a red, white and blue box, with a flag printed on a corner of the cover.

The little hostess announces now that the children will try to light a giant firecracker, a great surprise because the children had heard that there were to be no firecrackers at this party, but they begin to understand when a large, oblong paper is brought out on which has been painted in water-colors a huge red cannon-cracker with a yellow fuse. The paper is pinned flat against the wall, and each child is given a brown paper match made "lamp-lighter fashion", with a flame of scarlet tissue-paper pasted to the end. The children are blindfolded and try to light the cracker, or, in other words, pin the brown paper match to the yellow fuse of the red cannon-cracker. This is great fun, for one child may pin her match to the wrong

(Continued on page 61)

A Fourth-of-July Party for Children

(Continued from page 60)

end of the firecracker, another fastens hers to the door, and very few come near the right spot. The child who is successful, however, in "lighting" the cracker, receives as the prize a firecracker candy box. When the fuse at the top is pulled, the cover snaps off and inside are hosts of little red and white sugar-drops.

It is almost supper-time, but before going outdoors, where the refreshments are spread at tiny round tables, the children sing patriotic songs, and then, to the air of "Columbia", played on the piano, march out two by two, and around the lawn into the grape arbor, where the supper table has been set. There are tiny flags stuck into the vines all around, and from the center of the roof streamers of red, white and blue crepe-paper come down to the table, forming a canopy. In the center of the table is a beautiful red, white and blue bouquet made of red and white roses and blue bachelor buttons, and at each child's place is a small red toy firecracker, filled with candy, and a cunning paper napkin with a flag border.



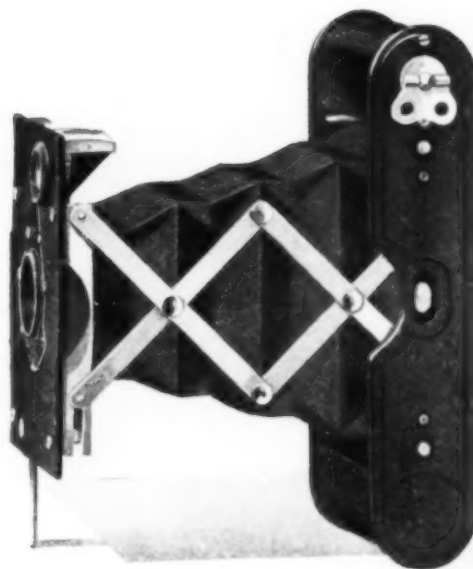
There are sandwiches of white bread with red peppers in the filling, tied with narrow blue ribbon; round red and white radishes in blue dishes, and the cutest individual tomato salads made of whole big scarlet tomatoes. There is a big cake frosted in white with red stripes across, and a toy cannon perched in the center. There are also some cunning tarts filled with red jelly, and little cup-cakes with blue frosting flowers.

Best of all is the ice-cream, which, as it is served to each child, looks like a little hill of snow, on the top of which waves a tiny silk flag. A plate of torpedoes is passed next. In tiny white tissue sacks just enough little white candies are tied to give the appearance of real torpedoes. After supper, and before it is quite dark, the little hostess' father sends up some lovely rockets full of stars, which spray the heavens and then suddenly burst into streamers of red, white and blue.

Editor's Note.—All of us like to strike an original note in our entertaining. Miss Otis, our Entertainment Editor, is bubbling over with ideas for every kind of a party, luncheon, dinner, or other form of entertainment you could possibly want. She will take a real interest in any plans you may want to carry out, and be glad to offer suggestions and advice by mail if a stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies your inquiry.

The very essence
of efficiency.

The Vest Pocket



KODAK

Literally small enough to go into the vest pocket (or a lady's handbag)—big enough to bring home all outdoors—a miniature in size, but lacking nothing of Kodak efficiency or simplicity.

Has Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus achromatic lens. Autotime scale and brilliant reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak Film Cartridges for eight exposures. A fixed focus makes it always ready for quick work. Lustrous black metal finish.

Pictures, $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Price, \$6.00

Catalogue at your dealers, or on request. Free.

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'The Delicate, Clear Complexion

of girlish freshness that you desire is easily obtained by the DAILY USE of this soothing, healing, invigorating toilet necessity—

Hinds Cream

Try it for SUNBURN to cool and soothe the tender, inflamed skin; it will soon heal without a blemish. Selling everywhere, or postpaid on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c. Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

SAMPLES will be sent if you enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

A. S. HINDS, 217 West St., Portland, Maine



LITTLE MOTHERS



Use CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment. They afford the purest, sweetest and most economical method of preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair. For torturing eczemas, rashes, itchings, inflammations and chafings of infants, children and adults Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are most effective.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, McLean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

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NEW IDEAS FROM THE SHOPS

By MILDRED CURTIS BOYD

WE WELCOME devices to lighten housework. A new patent dish-washer, costing three dollars, consists of a rubber tube with two branches which fasten to the hot- and cold-water spigots. The other end passes through the metal section of a dish-mop with a long wooden handle, and carries the water directly through the mop to the dishes. One need only put the dishes into the sink, mop vigorously, and, behold! they are ready to dry.

Another convenience is the rubber corker, which holds the cork in the bottle by means of a securing flap.

An oval plate, with a depression at one end for a cup, and the remaining space large enough for sandwiches and cakes, eliminates the troublesome saucer at afternoon tea. A set of plate and cup costs sixty-nine cents.

A round aluminum box, with a finely perforated top which may be pressed down upon the wet felt within to exude just enough water to moisten stamps, envelopes, brushes, etc., costs fifty cents.

An adjustable reading-stand at twelve dollars is a narrow oblong table, with the top divided into three sections. The center may be tipped up at any angle, with a bar across the bottom to hold the book. The two end sections are for reserve books. With this stand beside your chair, you may read comfortably without bearing the weight of the book.

Book-plates come in many designs, at fifty cents a package, all ready to paste in one's books, with space at the bottom for the owner's name. A hip-pocket bill-folder for one dollar and seventy-five cents is of soft leather, with a compartment in which the bills may be laid flat. It is then folded over, and slips easily into the hip-pocket.

New wooden bath-bowls, from one dollar up, are filled with a mold of soap which lathers on the bath-brush.

Wicker lamps are an especially pretty novelty, for the wicker shades shed a diffused mellow light through the room.

Bulgarian purses, from fifty cents to fifteen dollars, are made of silk like old-fashioned crocheted purses, hanging from a finger-ring in the middle, with the contents secured in either end by guard rings. At one end, there is a clasped pocket for coins.

Broad-brimmed Liberty hats, costing two dollars and a half, are woven of such supple fiber that they may be rolled up and packed without injury.

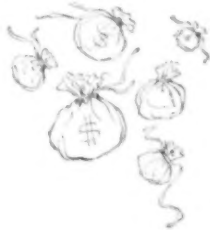
Delicious fragrance is exhaled from the new neck-bows costing fifty cents. The loops, sewed up, contain cotton sprinkled heavily with sachet powder.



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Do you ever find yourself dreaming dreams of what you would buy if you only had some spare dollars?

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If you give two good references and would like to have us consider your application, write us for particulars today—at once.

The McCall Company

Employment Division

236 W. Thirty-seventh Street
New York City

HELPS FOR AMATEUR SINGERS

(Continued from page 54)

cause of their inability to sing high notes they are not sopranos, and people frequently ask whether they should train their voices as sopranos or contraltos, seeming to think that the choice lies with them. No one, of course, should sing in some particular voice just because she happens to admire it most. Such a procedure means injury to the voice, eventually. Stop any unnecessary muscular effort and your voice will then be what Nature intended it. I have noticed that this little delusion with regard to the voice is a purely feminine one; few men seem to labor under it.

THE classification of voices is made according to the quality of the tone, not the length of range. Shortness of range is almost always due to tight throat and lack of breath support. From the beginning accustom yourself to regard a long range as the birthright of practically every voice, and to expect to use the ex-



VOICE EXERCISE NO. 14

tremes of your voice. Fear makes more short ranges than Nature. Try to overcome any self-consciousness or apprehension you may have in your work, and you will find your limitations in regard to length of range disappearing.

And don't forget to build up and strengthen the body, especially the muscles used in breathing, by the exercises previously given. Even the process of "letting go" is easier for well-developed muscles than flaccid ones. The relaxation of a well-developed body suggests power in repose, whereas the relaxation of a badly-developed, ill-nourished one suggests exhaustion.

If this month's lesson presents any difficulties to you or leaves some point obscure which has puzzled you, write me and I shall be glad to help solve your problem. Remember, always, that if you need help or advice about any of your vocal work, I am more than glad to give it.

Editor's Note.—In every city, town and village there are young girls and music-loving women who lack the aid of a teacher, yet long to be able to sing. This monthly department is planned to help realize that longing. It does not aim to take the place of a master, but rather to fill the part of friend and adviser to those who find no master at hand. Miss Houston will gladly answer any questions relating to the development of the voice, either in these columns or by mail, if you will write to her, care of McCall's Magazine, enclosing stamped envelope.

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Cool—Dainty—Becoming and wonderfully low in price

6 M 44. New Poke Mushroom shape Hat of white Milan Straw, trimmed across front with wide band of meadow ribbon, high trimming in back of June rosebuds, foliage and moss. Pretty low in back. Colors: white with pink ribbon and roses, white with black ribbon and red roses, white with Alice blue ribbon and tea roses. Price, Mail or Express Charges Prepaid **\$3.98**

No. 6 M 44
HAT

WE
Pay
All
Mail
or
Express
Charges
To Your
Town

No. 2 M 42
WAIST

No. 22 M 100
GLOVES



22 M 42. Chic Bulgarian Blouse of sheer washable Voile embroidered in two-toned colors. The yoke is of plain voile outlined by veining. Short sleeves with embroidered cuffs, collar of white voile with embroidered border. Fastens in front with fancy buttons through a loop-plait. Back embroidered just like front. The very newest thing in waists. Colors: white voile embroidered with Copenhagen blue and white or with Neillrose and white, with colored voile tie to match embroidery. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price, **\$1.00**

22 M 100. Long Gloves of finest quality real Milanese Silk, exquisitely embroidered in self color, 23 inches long, double finger tips, two clasps. A real bargain. Colors: black, white, tan, brown, gray, pongee, champagne or navy blue. **\$1.50**

Sizes 5½ to 8½. Price, Postage Prepaid

6 M 45. Stunning Outing Hat with Poke-effect brim and round crown, made of white Ratine (Turkish Toweling) trimmed around crown with a beautiful band of embossed velvet ribbon in Bulgarian coloring. Price, Mail or Express Charges Prepaid **\$1.25**

22 M 46. The new Balkan Middy Waist of durable washable white Galatea Cloth. Collar, tie and cuffs of pretty navy blue and white striped Galatea. Note the long waisted belt effect waist. Short sleeves only. Fastens in front. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, also Misses' sizes 10 to 20 years. Price, Postage Prepaid **\$1.00**

22 M 102. Ladies' Real Milanese Silk Gloves 23 inches long. Fasten with two clasps, double-tipped fingers. Backs finished with three rows of embroidery. A very special value. Colors: black, white, tan, brown, pongee, champagne, light gray, taupe gray, navy blue, Copenhagen blue, sky blue, pink or pink. Sizes 5½ to 8½. Price, Postage Prepaid **\$1.00**

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Answer—Use **SAPOLIO**. (It cleans economically.)

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Answer—Use **SAPOLIO**. (It scours thoroughly.)

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Soft, easy, durable, neat, stylish; genuine hand-turned shoes of Vic kid. No lining to wrinkle and chafe; no breaking in necessary. Absolute comfort and fit guaranteed or money refunded. Price includes O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEELS, the shock absorbers of new live rubber. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. All styles. Customers everywhere.

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TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

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THE FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

(Continued from page 14)

play—under the best obtainable conditions.

Do we feel that way? We say that we do, but do we?

So long as we have in our towns, big and little, conditions which tend not to make free, but to enslave morally, or bodily, or mentally, or spiritually, we are not feeling toward the country and the people as the men of 1776 were feeling. As long as enslaving conditions are permitted by bad legislation, national or state or municipal, and we do nothing to make them better, though the neighborhood in which we live be the smallest neighborhood on our country's map we are untrue to the intention of the men who made the Fourth of July what it is.

It is plain enough, then, what the new Fourth must be—the true, constructive, sane Fourth; the Fourth which we are to put in the place of the one which we have taken away.

It must be a day in which we shall give expression to what the town is doing toward making the national life such as the Signers of the Declaration of Independence dreamed that it would be. It must be a day of exercises, celebrations, pageants which shall give form to what we have done, what we are doing, and what we long to do, make plain to our children the existence of a high civic ideal, the respect in which it is held by their elders, and their own part in maintaining its integrity.

The national life is dependent on the neighborhood life. The Fourth of July will mean to that large neighborhood, the nation, just what it means to the little neighborhoods, which are the towns. It will mean to your town just what you make it mean.

What will you make it mean?

Editor's Note.—There is a bigger housekeeping and homemaking than that which watches over our own four walls—the housekeeping which remembers that a town is only a bigger family, and that the home of that family should be good to look upon, sanitary, well cared for, full of social and educational advantages which shall help to make of its girls and boys the right kind of men and women. If you feel the strength of this new claim upon you, but look about and see so much to be done in your town or neighborhood that you are puzzled where to begin or how to go about it, Miss Gale will help you solve your problem. All inquiries or requests for suggestions and advice, if addressed to The Friendship Village Improvement Society, McCall's Magazine, New York City, will be cheerfully answered in these columns, or by mail if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Some Hints for the Canning Season

By EMMELINE GRANT

THE owner of the largest canning factory in Florida says that the secret of the superior flavor of his guava jelly lies in his method of canning. In summer he cans the juice from well-boiled fruit, and seals, while hot, in gallon-jars, whose tops, after being tightly screwed on, are fastened securely by pouring melted shellac around the edges. When cooler weather sets in, the cans are opened and the juice boiled into jelly. The longer the juice is kept the richer will be the jelly.

Another easy way to make jelly is to boil the fruit in a muslin jelly-bag, placing it in a kettle of cold water, and boiling until contents of the bag are soft. Lift out and suspend on hook all night to drain.

If grapes are gathered and made up before fully ripe, the jelly they make will not be so apt to form crystals of grape sugar. Dead ripe grapes may be used successfully if one-third apple juice is added, and the jelly made in the usual way.

An excellent grape conserve is made as follows: Pulp six pounds of grapes, chop two large apples, put with the pulp, and cook to the soft-sauce stage. Press through colander and add the skins, five pounds of sugar, one pound of seeded raisins, the grated rind of two oranges and the pulp of three, cut fine. Mix, and cook three-quarters of an hour.

To prepare ripe pears for preserving, place the pears in a convenient vessel, cover with boiling-water, put a closely-fitting cover on the kettle and let stand fifteen minutes, when the skins will peel off as readily as from a scalded tomato. Cut each peeled pear in halves, and with a sharp-pointed knife remove the core. The heat will have penetrated sufficiently to cause the core to come away easily. Drop the halves in cold water, as quickly as they are peeled, to prevent their turning dark. Preserve in the usual way. This method does away entirely with the sticky, slippery sensation which usually accompanies the peeling of pears, saves half the time ordinarily required, and the finished product is more pleasing by reason of the smooth, even appearance of the fruit.

If you want something novel in the pickle line, try pickling brussels sprouts. Trim, wash and drain quite dry, as many small Brussels sprouts as you require. Put into a pan, sprinkle well with salt and let remain for twenty-four hours. Drain off moisture, and if you think they are too salty, put in a colander and pour cold water through them. Place in jars and cover with boiling vinegar, seasoned with pepper, a little bruised ginger, a bay leaf and enough sugar to take off the extreme acid of the vinegar. When the pickles are cold, put in jars, and tie down.



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If it does not prove satisfactory in every respect after ten days' trial you may return the form and we will refund your money.

If you cannot decide to purchase, send **20 DAYS** for our illustrated book explaining the VENUS FORM in detail. It contains interesting information for every woman who sews.

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LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY

(Continued from page 24)

back and a ribbon rose directly in front, makes an attractive variation in trimming. Without the lace frill this hat, made of tan straw and trimmed with ribbon and cherries, would be excellent for school.

A derby-shaped hat (Fig. 3) can be made of tan yedda with no frame at all. Any other firm braid would do also. Begin at the center of the crown, twist the thread several times around the ends of the braid to prevent raveling, and pin the rows before sewing. When the mat measures six and one-half inches across, hold the braid tighter on the inside edge to shape the side crown. Pin for a few rows to be sure you are getting the right shape,

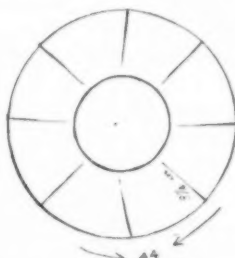


FIG. 4.—PATTERN FOR BRIM OF MUSHROOM HAT

then sew row after row, making only a slight flare, until the side crown is about five inches deep. At the bottom it should measure about twenty-three inches around, although the measurement can be varied to fit any child. The size depends on how lightly or how tightly the braid has been held. The coronet or turned-up brim is two inches high and twenty-seven inches around the top edge.



FIG. 5.—MUSHROOM BRIM PINNED IN SHAPE

A **F**ETCHING little lace bonnet for a child (Fig. 1) can be made exactly like the lace cap for the bridesmaid in the June lesson. For a three-year-old child the Tam-o'-Shanter top, made of a double piece of net, should be eleven inches in diameter and gathered with a thread nineteen and one-half inches long. The two rows of lace are sewed on a shaped band of net nineteen and one-half inches around, two inches wide at the front and one inch wide at the back. The rows overlap well at the back. A two-loop bow tied in the middle of a two-yard length of three and one-half inch pale blue satin ribbon, should be fastened at the front, the two long ends being twisted and drawn around the head line to the back, where a four-

(Continued on page 67)

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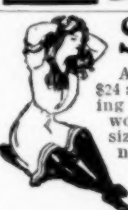
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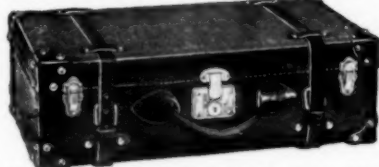
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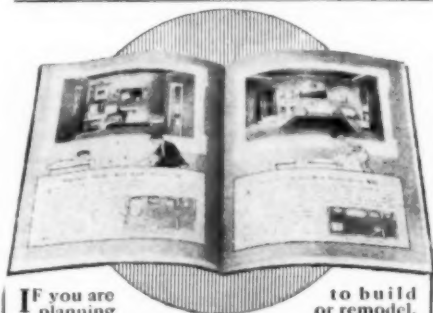
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Royal Aztec Parrots.

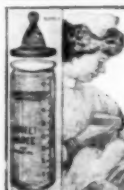


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Sample Nipple Free

THE YANKEE CO., Dept. L, Utica, N. Y.

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY

(Continued from page 66)

in-hand knot is tied with a simple knot in each streamer. At the top of the twist of ribbon set a row of delicate pink daisies (see January lesson).

A heavier bonnet may be lined with China silk, following the directions given for the net top.

To make this brim, sew on more braid, holding it quite full so that it will measure twenty-seven inches at the top, and crease. Finish the top row by gradually slanting it off until the ends are hidden under the edge. To face this brim with straw, sew the outside edge of the braid even with the edge of the brim, continuing the rows until the little coronet brim is covered on the outside and for a distance of about one inch inside the hat. You may substitute shirred silk or satin

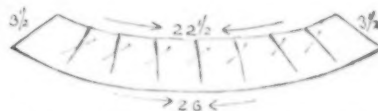


FIG. 6.—SIDE-CROWN FOR MUSHROOM HAT AFTER SHAPING

for the straw on the outside of the brim. You may press the straw flat with your fingers, or use a warm, not hot, iron. Line this hat with a fourteen-inch circle of thin silk, to prevent the straw from catching in the hair.

Alice-blue velvet ribbon two and one-half inches wide should be drawn around the crown and tied in a plain bow at the back with a bunch of five apples (see January lesson), deep blue, rose red, tan, brown and green, sewed exactly in front, over the ribbon on the crown.

Any one of these dimensions can be changed, according to the taste of the maker, where a wider or narrower brim, or higher or lower crown, is more becoming to the child by whom the hat is to be worn. The colors, too, can be varied in innumerable ways. Even for children, if the selection is wise, the new colors, those between orange and red, or between yellow and green, are attractive. Keeping in mind the character of the hat, other trimming can be substituted, if the home milliner has some dainty flowers or velvets she wishes to utilize.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over; if you are puzzling over the making of fetching boxes, the proper placing of wings, feathers or other trimmings; if you want to devise an attractive bandeau for your hair, or a pretty boudoir cap for when you go a-visiting, Mrs. Tobey will tell you how. This department will contain, from time to time, clear instructions in every branch of home millinery; while letters submitting special problems will be gladly answered by Mrs. Tobey by mail if stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

3 Years to Pay

for the Sweet-Toned

Meister

Piano

\$175

30 Days' Free Trial

We Pay the Freight

You are not asked to deposit or pay or advance a cent in any way until you write us and say that the MEISTER is entirely satisfactory and you wish to keep it. Then these are the terms of sale:

\$1 a Week or

\$5 a Month

No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free.

Sold direct from the maker to you at a great saving.

Send now for our beautiful Free Catalog, which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos. Our resources exceed \$4,000,000.

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Chicago, Illinois

Women who insist on perfect fit demand that their gowns be fastened with

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Invisible Eyes
and Spring Hooks

No
Wrinkling



Seams
that hold

Won't Rust

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PEET BROTHERS, Philadelphia, Pa.

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WOMEN—CONSPICUOUS

for complexions always smooth and velvety, that never lose their youthful attractiveness, that seem to be impervious to exposure, to sun and wind, are users of that great beautifier—LABLACHE.

It prevents that oily, shiny appearance. It is cooling, refreshing, harmless.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send me, for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers, Dept. E
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.





Recipe No. 6 Strawberry Shortcake

Here's the secret of ideal shortcake: Prepare berries an hour or two before using. Wash them, not aside a cup of large ones, for top, and cut remainder in halves. Mix in earthen bowl with one-half cup of TOWLE'S LOG CABIN SYRUP and allow to stand until needed. If berries are very tart, a little white sugar may be added.

Half an hour before meal time, light the oven and make a crust as for baking powder biscuit, using two cups flour and adding a little more shortening than for biscuit. Divide dough and shape to size of a pie-plate and one-half inch thick. Place one half on the plate and spread liberally with butter. Place second on top and bake in moderate oven until lightly browned. Remove from oven, turn top half upside down on large, deep serving plate, spread with butter and half of the sweetened berries; then put other biscuit on top, spread with butter and remainder of berries, adding the whole ones to finish. Pour some of remaining juice over top and serve at once, adding cream, plain or whipped, at table.

"Nuff said," just try it, but be sure to use

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Let me send you my FINE BOOK, full of delightful recipes—I will for 2c postage. Write me, Jack Towle care of

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"THAT'S IT!"



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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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It adds that final touch of rare flavor to so many dishes!

A perfect seasoning for Roasts, Chops, Fish, Rarebits, Gravies, and Chafing Dish Cooking. Sold by Grocers Everywhere.

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two envelopes for each Express paid. Engraved plate and 100 calling cards, \$1.00. Monogram stationery. Birth announcements, 2c per dozen. Write for samples desired.
ROYAL ENGRAVING CO., 812 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

WHAT GOOD FORM DEMANDS

Conducted by VIRGINIA RANDOLPH

THERE are certain rules of etiquette for the visiting guest, neglect of which is apt to involve serious discomfort for everyone concerned. The first insists upon prompt acknowledgment of an invitation. It is the right of the hostess, in order to complete her plans, to know definitely, as soon as possible, whether the invited guest is coming.

When Patty received notes from her friend Margaret and Margaret's mother inviting her to spend a week with them at their summer home, she sat down at once, after consultation with her mother, and wrote her acceptance as follows:

Dear Mrs. Morrison:—Thank you ever so much for the invitation to spend the week with you and Margaret. Mother consents, and I am too happy for words over the prospect of the visit. I very much appreciate your asking me.

I will arrive, as you suggest, on the four-thirty train on Wednesday, the twentieth, and can stay until the departure of the morning train the following Tuesday.

Mother sends her greetings. With much love, and joyful expectations of seeing you soon, I am

Sincerely yours,

160 Shady Street,
Youngsville,
July the seventh.



the guest arranges with the local expressman to cart her trunk to the house, and engages a station hack for herself, paying for both in advance. A guest always defrays any expenses she incurs for fares, telegrams, etc. Of course, where the hostess wishes to defray some slight charge, the guest must yield gracefully, and if any little outing is planned for a guest by her hostess, the guest should not attempt to bear any of the expense.

MARGARET and her brother Will met Patty as she left the train. Will took her trunk-checks and insisted upon attending to having her trunk sent up. At the house, Mrs. Morrison welcomed them. She told Patty that she would be very glad to receive any of her friends who might be spending the summer in the neighborhood; otherwise Patty would have asked whether they might call, and then written them little notes informing them of her presence. When they came, she, of course, introduced them to Mrs. Morrison and Margaret. Patty left one afternoon free to return any calls that Margaret's friends might make upon her.

At the Morrisons Patty took care of her own room, keeping it in immaculate order, knowing that a guest should always be alert to render any services she can, thereby showing her appreciation of the trouble her hosts have taken for her.

When the day for going home arrived, Patty was careful to choose a train-time that did not inconvenience the family, and to step down quietly to the ticket and express offices, purchasing her ticket, engaging the expressman to call for her trunk and paying his fee that there might be no question of her hostess' assuming any such expense for her.

As soon as she arrived home Patty wrote to both Mrs. Morrison and Margaret the notes of thanks required by custom, and which would, in any case, have been dictated by her warm appreciation of the delightful visit she had enjoyed.

Editor's Note.—All of us have been placed at times in some unfamiliar situation which has embarrassed or confused us. "What should I do?" we ask ourselves, and this department is planned to answer that question for our readers. Miss Randolph will be glad to reply in this column, or personally, to all questions which have to do with social usages. For a reply by mail, a stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.





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The Boss bakes uniformly top and bottom; heats in 2 minutes, the asbestos lining keeping all the heat inside. Glass guaranteed not to "stain up" nor break from heat on every genuine Boss Oven stamped "BOSS."

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It is a pure, vegetable product that makes a perfect table syrup by adding it to white sugar dissolved in water.

It combines readily with the most delicate ingredients and gives a dainty, delicious flavor for cakes, pastries, candies, ices, desserts and summer dainties.

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CRESCENT MFG. CO. Dept. K Seattle, Wash.

2c in stamps will bring our booklet, "Mapleine Dainties"



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Makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2 cents per week. Gives 500 candle power light and casts no shadow. No dirt, grease, nor odor. Unequalled for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, Public Halls, etc. Over 350 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

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OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

FOR RENOVATING MATTING.—Matting faded and worn off but still too good to be thrown away can be made to look almost like new. Scrub it thoroughly and let it dry. Then go over the entire matting with green dye, using a soft, broad paint-brush. A gallon of dye, of the kind used for cotton goods, may be made out of one package, costing ten cents. The results will be surprising. Both the crex and the fiber rugs can be treated in this manner.—M. A. G., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SMALL FRUITS.—For cleaning berries, or any small fruit, place them in an ordinary corn-popper, and shake thoroughly in water. This will not crush the fruit and is more quickly done.—E. C. L., El Paso, Tex.



TO CLEAN GARMENTS.—Gasoline and corn-meal will clean a garment as well as any dry-cleaner. Place the garment on a table and scrub thoroughly with a clean cloth saturated in gasoline and dipped in corn-meal. The meal prevents the gasoline from leaving a ring, which is so often the case in home cleaning. When dry, use a stiff brush to get rid of all corn-meal, and hang on line until gasoline is evaporated. This must not be done where there is any fire.—N. G., Pomona, Calif.

SAVING TABLECLOTHS.—When hanging out tablecloths, if the hems are folded together, and they are pinned on the line instead of the body of the cloth, there is less danger of their getting whipped out by the wind; also, less work on ironing day, as they hang straight and are not pulled out of shape. To prevent the selvage from curling up after washing the sheets, put the cloth through the wringer selvage first.—W. L. O., Little Rock, Ark.

TO KEEP GARBAGE ODORLESS.—All odors and flies that usually accompany the garbage-can may be entirely eliminated if after each meal the scraps are all gathered and wrapped in newspapers before being placed in the can. In this way the garbage may be kept absolutely clean and odorless, even in the warmest weather.—H. T. C., Portland, Ore.

USE FOR RUBBER MATTING.—A strip of rubber matting such as is seen on the gangplank of a steamer is excellent to save the tracking of delivery boys in the kitchen, or the wearing of the floor in

(Continued on page 71)



Good Ice Cream is Good for You

It must be good, however. You should know just what ingredients are used—how pure the milk or cream and if it contains a sufficient amount of butter fat. You want to be sure the flavoring extracts are pure. The best way—the safest way—is to make your own ice cream and make it in a

Triple Motion White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer

It's so easy to use. And it makes the ice cream so quickly. One turn of the handle stirs the cream three times, for the can is revolving while two dashers work in opposite directions. Makes the ice cream in one-third the usual time and makes it deliciously smooth, velvety in texture and free from lumps. The family are sure to enjoy this kind of dessert and it means less work for you than baking pies or making puddings. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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It cleans, dusts and polishes all at one time and puts an end to getting down on the hands and knees. A hard, dry, durable lustre without hard rubbing.

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\$1.50 at your dealer's, and money refunded after two days' trial if you are not delighted.

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WEST FLAT HOOK & EYE

Lies perfectly flat
Will not crush
Will not rust
Will not come unhooked
Easiest to sew on

Package of 24
Hooks and 24 Eyes **10c**

Ask your dealer or send 10c to the

West Electric Hair Curler Co.
40 S. Front St., Phila.
Hamilton Ceylon in every package

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"CARMEN"
INVISIBLE
HAIR NETS
Are Stronger
yet filmy as a spider's web

Maximum wearing quality, match all shades of hair, comply with every demand of Fashion. The firm, durable meshes of Carmen Hair Nets are woven of special quality silk, double extra twisted.

Two popular styles—with knotted ends—with elastic cord. Made in France.

Sold at popular prices by good merchants everywhere.
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LADIES MAKE MONEY

Introducing our fine Dress Goods, Hdkfs. and Petticoats, \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly profit. Best line—lowest prices. No money required. Case of samples free. Get busy quick for early Fall business. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 12 S, Binghamton, N. Y.

THE WINGED TEMPTATION

(Continued from page 21)

"Hush!" She drew her hand away quickly, looked back into the room, and was gone.

Peter waited; it seemed to him he waited a long time. Then he heard her voice speaking to the Duchess, and he withdrew from his ledge. He must wait another chance; meantime, there was the airship; it must be seen to.

He crossed the garden and went out toward the meadows. He was wildly happy; he dared to dream wild dreams; he saw before him only the low, lovely meadows and the great airship, lying like a prone-winged dragon in the mists of the lowlands; but the delicate, spirited outline of Victoria's profile kept appearing in the soft gray distances; the light in her beautiful eyes seemed to shine like two stars; everywhere there must be waving, beckoning, pink hollyhocks. His princess was, after all, a young and lovely and natural girl.

He was very happy. He went on, down the slope. He passed the windmill. It was very still, the air was fragrant, evening was approaching; then, suddenly, he felt a stinging blow between the shoulders, fell forward blindly, and all the light went out.

CHAPTER XI

VICTORIA ran down the slope from the garden. She was alone and bareheaded, and, at the foot of the slope, she stopped and stood, shading her eyes with her hand, although it was twilight.

She was frightened; she did not know what had happened, but she felt that there was danger in the air, terror—perhaps death.

She stood quite still and listened.

There was no sound but the tinkle of the cow's bell in the pasture. The airship lay there below her, its yellow planes showing in the dusk, its delicate aerilons trailing. Its silence, its inertness, made her tremble. Suddenly she remembered that supreme moment when it had borne her above the clouds, on the wings of the morning.

She looked at it eagerly. Was it safe? What had happened? Something. Alone in her little room at the inn a thrill of premonition had set her shivering. The Duke and Duchess, as well as Antonio, were below in the inn parlor, waiting for her, determined to take her with them; and she had sat at her window, equally determined to stay there until Madame Moselle came. But, swift as the flight of an arrow, came the terror, the certainty that something evil had befallen. She had obeyed a blind instinct. Without a thought, without a pause, she had answered that indescribable impulse; she had left the house and hurried through the garden. Now, she stood and listened. The soft air caressed her cheeks; the light mists rose higher and higher in the valley; above, a keen star showed.

Her heart beat in her throat. She went on again, looking, listening.

At the foot of the meadow she found him.

Peter lay, face downward, on the grass, quite still. The mist had moistened his hair, one hand was flung out helplessly. Victoria dropped to her knees with a low cry. All the world seemed to have changed; she was alone.

Very gently she turned his head. She tried to listen. Did he breathe? Oh, God, did he breathe? She could not tell, and then she found blood on her hands. She rose from her knees and started to run for help, and stopped short. Who had hurt him? Where was his enemy? The girl stood in terror. How could she leave him? She looked down at him, helpless and stricken, and her heart trembled again with the terror of her own unbearable pain and bereavement. She loved him; she knew it now. What could she do? She wrung her hands together, calling aloud for help, but her voice echoed softly from the low meadowlands. No one answered. Through the dusk she saw the windmill again; it loomed up like a giant. She called and listened.

No answer.

She must go. She started running, with a sob of anguish, looking back over her shoulder. In the mist the tender green of the meadows grew gray. He lay there so still!

"Dio mio," murmured Victoria softly, in Italian, "grant me this life—this life, that he may know that I, too, loved."

Then she heard the welcome sound of a motor. It was coming along the highroad; it would pass her at the bridge. She ran now, calling for help. At first she thought they would pass by, but someone saw her. The car stopped suddenly, and the passengers began to climb out of it. She noticed nothing; she came up panting.

"Messieurs," she said, in French, "there is a man here badly hurt. Will you call for help at the inn?"

"Victoria!" cried Rosa Morrison, rushing up to her with outstretched arms, "my dearest girl!"

"Oh!" cried the Princess. "Oh, dear people, Mrs. Morrison, Ambassador! It's Mr. Gerrish—somebody has killed him!" and she slipped and fell fainting into Mrs. Morrison's arms.

(Continued in the August McCall's)

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Should be Kept Warm with Soft "Non-Nettle" WHITE FLANNELS

Teaseless Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teasing process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing. (25c to \$1.00 a yd.) We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. We do not sell to dealers.

Send for Free Sample Case

and receive samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dummies, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalogue showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits (\$3 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinets, and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. **No advertising on wrapper.** For 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.70 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

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22 Hair Switch on Approval. Choice natural wavy or straight hair. Send lock of hair and I will mail a 22-inch, shortstem, one human hair switch to match. A big bargain. **Send \$2 in ten days or sell 2 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE.** Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles hair dressing, high grade switches, puffs, wigs, pompadours, and special hairpins in Goshik Feathers. **WOMEN AGENTS WANTED.** ANNA AYERS, Dept. K-10, 220 S. State St., Chicago



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We pay hundreds of dollars a year to successful song writers. Send us Your Work today, with or without music. Acceptance guaranteed, if available. Large Book FREE.

DUDDALE CO., Dept. 138, Washington, D. C.

OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 69)

front of the sink where the houseworker most often stands. Its resiliency spares the feet and back, its softness deadens the noise and it can be carried out and easily washed with the garden hose. The edges are self-finished and neat, and it is much less objectionable than the faded rugs which are often spread out for the purpose of protecting the floor.—J. H. Ithaca, N. Y.

TO CLEAN RUGS.—After the usual beating, prepare a pail of sawdust mixed with one quart of gasoline; brush thoroughly into the rugs with an ordinary scrubbing-brush and they will look like new.—C. G., Munica, Mich.

TAKING OFF SPOTS.—The ring left on clothing around the grease-spot that has been removed with gasoline often looks worse than the spot itself. There will be neither ring nor spot if the cloth, while still wet with the gasoline, is rubbed well with dry salt.—E. R. H., Hubbard, Iowa.



POLISH FOR FURNITURE.—Mix well together ten cents' worth of citronella and the same amount of sweet-oil, and apply sparingly to bruised or scratched furniture.—F. B., Ocean Grove, N. J.

TO AVOID SPOTS.—Put a ruffle on the bottom of all kitchen aprons. You will be surprised how many drops and spots it catches that would otherwise land on your skirt below the hem of your apron.—A. M. H., Guthrie, Okla.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS.—Use a piece of chamois, kept for this purpose only. Wet the chamois in clear, warm water to which a little ammonia has been added, and wash the mirror with it. Then squeeze the chamois quite dry, being careful never to wring it. Now wipe the mirror, and the glass will be beautifully clear and entirely free from lint. This same method may be used in washing windows.—Mrs. I. F., Canaseraga, N. Y.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbors, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.



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Stewart's "Duplex"

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"Mum"

is the greatest toilet comfort you ever had. It gently neutralizes odor of perspiration and other bodily odors, preserves the soap-and-water sweetness "from bath to bath." Little needed at a time, and that little is applied in a moment.

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Just a little touch of CARMEN radiates your real beauty—adds a youthful blushing complexion—and won't show powder or come off until removed.

CARMEN Complexion POWDER

Entirely different from all others, retains fragrance—will not injure most delicate skin.

White, Flesh, Cream, Pink.
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Kiddies
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FREE OFFER—To anyone who has not used Mentholum we will send a sample on request, or for ten cents in coin a large trial-size package.

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This \$8.00 3-STEM \$5.95
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Twenty-six inches long-selected choice natural wavy hair. Splendid value at \$8.00. A bargain you cannot afford to miss at this Special Sale Price of \$5.95.

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STRAIGHT SWITCHES WAVY SWITCHES

1½ oz. 18 in. \$0.45 20 in. . . \$1.65

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Feather-light Stencil Switch.

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3-STEM (triple) 24 in. Wavy

Switch, 2½ oz. . . . 4.95

Coronet Brand 2½ oz. Wavy . . 4.95

200 other sizes and grades of

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Wigs, Ladies' and Men's, \$3 to \$5.00

Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid **ON APPROVAL**. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive; ask for estimate. Write for our **NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY**.

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Made especially to remove freckles. It leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. It is prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 50¢ per jar. Write today for full particulars. Also our free booklet, **"Wouldst Thou be Fair?"**

This booklet contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. 4
Aurora, Ill.
Sold by all druggists.

THE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 25)

back, and— Oh, it was all true, the rest of it! I lost my place, and I didn't know anybody and— Oh, must I go back? Must I?"

Matilda sat like a statue, unable to move or speak, stunned—but not by the girl's confession. Already the face of The Beautiful One had faded from her memory, and one far more lovely, far more winsome, had taken its place; a fair, pleading, childish face with big, long-lashed blue eyes and a quivering, tempting mouth. She wanted to stay! "Vally"—or, no, she wasn't "Vally"—who was she? But, anyway, she wanted to stay! She didn't want to go back!

"I—what did you say?" began Matilda stupidly. "Oh, wasn't that you, that Valencia Medora? Well, I don't care. I'd heaps rather have you. Oh, will you stay? Will you?" she begged passionately. "I was worse'n you. I'm older, and I'd oughter known better'n to send a wrong picture that way. You are beautiful, anyway! But me! Look at me!"

The girl raised her eyes. Matilda sat erect in her seat, her body rigid, her hands clasped tightly in her lap. But Mary Caroline, who had fought her way alone for three years in a great city, whose vision had been sharpened by bitter experience—Mary Caroline knew. A look of wonder, of incredulous joy, dawned in her anxious young face; the color crept up in her pale cheeks; and her head slowly lifted until her eyes were on a level with Matilda's.

"You?" whispered Mary Caroline. "Why, I think you are beautiful!"

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THE ART OF SALAD-MAKING

(Continued from page 16)

or pass it in a mayonnaise bowl. Cut into half-inch lengths, these celery cheese-sticks make an attractive garnish for a meat salad.

SWEETBREAD AND TOMATO SALAD.—One pound of sweetbreads, six tomatoes. Cook and dice sweetbreads. Cut off the tops of the tomatoes, and with a sharp knife carefully remove the hearts. Drain hearts and dice in pieces about the size of the sweetbreads. Blend with cooked dressing, and fill the tomato-cups. Serve on lettuce leaves.

SPANISH SALAD.—Three good-sized tomatoes, two green peppers, one Spanish onion, one can of pimientos. Slice the tomatoes, green peppers and the onion. Place a slice of tomato on lettuce leaves, and in the center of it lay one pimiento. On this put one slice of green pepper, and one of onion with the dressing on top. If desired, garnish the dressing with one little imported onion.

STUFFED CHERRY SALAD.—An extremely decorative salad is made from the large black cherries; canned cherries can be substituted, but the fresh red cherries are apt to be somewhat too tart. Pit the cherries and stuff with hazel-nut kernels. If the cherries are small and the kernels large, cut the latter into several pieces. Heap a tiny mound on crisp lettuce, and serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing. This makes a very attractive salad.

CHICKEN ASPIC.—A quart of skimmed stock, one onion, a box of gelatine, one-half pint of water. Cut the onion in pieces, drop into the stock, let stand, or put over fire to season, salt and pepper to taste. Let the gelatine soak in one-half pint of cold water. Pour over this the strained stock. When nearly cold, turn into mold. Add to this the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, or one or two whole eggs cut into pieces. Stuffed olives look pretty cut in rings and scattered through this aspic. Serve on lettuce leaves with dressing.

TOMATO ASPIC.—One quart can tomatoes, one large onion, one cupful of water, salt and pepper to taste. Dissolve one box of gelatine in one-half pint of water; to make a pretty red, add tablet that comes with the gelatine. Put the tomatoes, the onion cut in pieces, water and seasoning over the fire in a stewpan. Cook until the tomatoes are soft. Strain into the gelatine, and stir until thoroughly dissolved. When nearly cold, pour into mold. Place on lettuce leaves, and serve with dressing.

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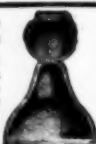
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A NO-'COUNT WOOLING

(Continued from page 10)

"Never, on my honor."

Althea rose and led the way across the yard to the Mason home. They crossed the side-porch into the kitchen, with its stone crocks of buttermilk, its shining pots and pans, and tumbled bunches of collards, parsley, and carrots. Aunt Vira, the cook, was churning on the back-porch and crooning to make the butter come; so they slipped into the pantry unnoticed.

"There," cried Althea proudly, throwing open the cupboard doors, "just look!" On the upper shelf stood a huge cake, fringes of chocolate icing dripping from its layers. "Ma knows about the cake," she continued, "but she doesn't know about these." From a far corner of the cupboard she drew out a box containing twenty-four colored candles, the kind that are used for birthday celebrations.

"Ma'y Lou," she demanded eagerly, "do you think I'm very silly? It's his birthday, and he might come back, you know. And he does love cake."

Mary Louise looked at the cake, then at Althea's flushed face above it. Her own happiness seemed very near and assured, and she had small faith in John Henry.

"No," she answered brusquely, turning away; "a cake's a mighty useful thing to have in the house when there's company."

Althea, warmed by this approbation, was returning the cake to its shelf when a confused clamor rose in the street and they heard Aunt Vira calling. "Fore Gawd, Miss Thea, hear them chillen screeching. Sumpin's happenin' up town, sure's you're livin'." The old woman threw her apron over her head and started for the front yard, Althea and Mary Lou following.

They found Main Street a scene of wild confusion; the boys on the common were yelling like Indians; Uncle Ben White's mule, excited by the noise, made determined efforts to climb the graveyard fence with Uncle Ben and the wagon; and from the doors of the new courthouse there poured a distraught throng.

"Happen it's a fire," surmised Aunt Vira, "or a runaway." But Mary Lou, following the gaze of the boys, looked up into the sky. "It's a flying-machine," she gasped.

Concerning flying-machines Houston Centre had thought little, though Eufaula Richardson had mentioned them along with gaslights and can-openers in her composition on "Modern Conveniences", and everyone who read the county papers knew that there was a training-school for aviators farther down in the state. Still it was like all this talk about germs;

everybody knew there were germs, because the papers kept saying so, but who ever expected to see a germ in real life?

A flying-machine, however, this most certainly was, and the unknown aviator continued his course over the town until he came to the common, where he dropped some distance and began to circle about. The cows scattered frantically, and the small boys, shrieked at by horrified mothers, climbed an oak tree that stood in the pasture. Curiosity overcame the crowd at the court-house door, and they advanced timidly down the street, the Rev. Theophilus Brown walking first, not that any one wanted Preacher Brown to be killed, but because it was universally felt that in case of accidents his soul was best prepared to enjoy its everlasting reward. At Miss Melitta Hayne's suggestion, they waved their umbrellas to attract the aviator's attention and induce him to make his landing elsewhere.

The aeroplane circled low above the common for a breathless space, then glided forward and landed lightly with a flurry of dust. A tall young man stepped out and taking off his leather cap waved it reassuringly at the approaching villagers, while the small boys slid down from the tree with whoops of excitement.

"Who on earth?" marveled Mary Lou, nearly impaling herself on the fence in her curiosity, but Althea gave a sob of joy.

"Oh, Mary Lou, can't you see it's John Henry?"

John Henry it was, there could be no doubt, for Mrs. Peebles had draped herself on the newcomer's shoulder, and old Major Peebles dropped his cane and stretched out his arms to his boy, while Aunt Rebecca Mason walked round and round the group, poking John Henry with her umbrella to be sure that he was real. Mary Lou broke through the gate and dashed over to the common, but Althea waited tremulously at the gate. It was impossible to face John Henry before all those people, and so when the party on the pasture started for the Peebles' home, she turned and fled into the house.

"Althea, Althea!" Called Mary Lou, "come here! It's the Spineless Wonder come home."

John Henry laughed at the old nickname, but Mrs. Mason protested vigorously. "Shame on you, Mary Louise, and you his own sister! Hasn't he come back in his own sky-buggy like Elisha in the Bible? If he had as many spines as a porky-pine he couldn't do more than that, could he?"

(Continued on page 75)

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A NO-COUNT WOOING

(Continued from page 74)

"He's my sainted son," cried Mrs. Peebles, to whom there was something miraculous in this navigation of the air, "come back in time to save his mother from hypocrisy and false pretending. Mary Lou," this in a whisper to her daughter, "I didn't read Uncle Sim's speech, after all. I was just fixin' to when we heard the children screaming."

But John Henry gently disengaged himself from his mother's hold, and, promising the neighbors to see them later, slipped away through the hedge where Althea's blue dress had vanished a moment before. She had run to the pantry for refuge, and was fluttering uncertainly about the cake when he found her.

"Althea!" He had come so quickly and quietly across the side porch that she had not heard his step. Now, as he spoke, she looked up, and instantly her woman's instinct made her push the candles behind the cake and hide in her dress the handful that she held. Not a line in two years and perhaps he no longer loved her! Perhaps he was even married!

John Henry saw the shrinking movement, and, remembering that Althea had run from him, was seized with a sudden jealousy. The left hand was kept free of ornament by the girls of Houston Centre until they were engaged or married, and Althea's left hand was hidden in her dress. "Put out your hand, Thea!" he commanded, very much as in the old days when they were playmates. She hung back, but made no resistance when he pulled it from behind her and pried open the fingers. Crushed in the palm were two little colored candles, and on the fourth finger a brass ring that he had won in a prize-box when they were children.

"It's your birthday, John Henry," Althea whispered, holding out the candles, and her shamed gaze swept over the cake with the other candles scattered about it, and, returning to his face, laid bare her love.

All the boyish pride in his spectacular return faded from John Henry's face, and the color mounted beneath the heavy tan on his cheeks. "Oh, Althea, you waited for me." His breath came short and quick.

"And you never wrote me a line," she cried, in a burst of self-pity.

"I was a brute, just a brute, Thea, but they all said I was so worthless that it didn't seem fair not to leave you free. Besides," he added triumphantly, with the supreme selfishness of youth, "I knew you'd wait."

He took her in his arms at that, and kissed her hair and eyes. Althea, thus comforted, cried the more. "You might

(Continued on page 76)

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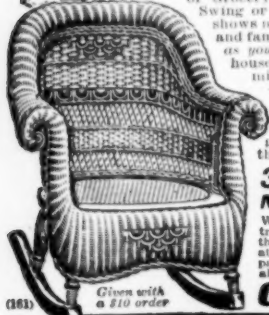
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CROFTS & REED CO. Dept. D 321 Chicago



A NO-COUNT WOOING

(Continued from page 75)

have been killed in that flying-machine," she sobbed.

"But I wasn't," answered the practical John Henry, "and I won't be, either. I'm manager up at the factory and much too busy to ride in them. It's the demonstrators and the purchasers that take the risks." He drew her down to the bench beside him and began to tell her all his past adventures and future plans. Althea was listening dreamily, when a child's cry sounded from the common. "Listen!" she cried, interrupting his flood of talk—"listen, John Henry, there's a little boy crying for his mother."

And suddenly she smiled.

THE WOMAN OF THE MART

By L. J. DICKINSON

God made baby fingers,
God made woman's heart;
Man, it was, made commerce,
Drove her to the mart.

She can labor, singing,
She can do her part;
But ever phantom fingers
Are tugging at her heart.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STAR

(Continued from page 18)

"Will you ask your mother to see me at once?" he asked. "Tell her I have brought a letter from the division superintendent of the road."

Mother bustled in, her face so red that it was apparent she had contrived to cook her countenance as well as the steak. She read the letter, glanced at me, and said:

"Well, she might try for tonight, and see how she makes out—but I don't like it. If she was any account for anything else, I wouldn't let her go."

When the townsfolk crowded the town hall that night to see "what the play actors could do", no one suspected that the dark little figure in a ragged red frock, who told the beautiful yellow lady her fortune, and who lost her life in saving the blue boy from drowning, was a native product. I had made my professional debut on my home stage. The next day came a telegram saying that the girl who had played the part, and had been left behind at a town two hundred miles away, was too ill to rejoin the company for the present. The barnstorming company carried me with it to the next town.

(Continued in the August McCall's)

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TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

A lastingly refreshing beverage.
Different and better; absolutely
wholesome.

Ask for it by its full name—
Coca-Cola—to avoid imita-
tions and substitutions.



Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.



Send for our Free Booklet.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY,

ATLANTA, GA.



Fresh Air and Natural Food

The most "natural" foods are the cereals.

These should be cooked at the factory in a clean and scientific manner to make them easily digestible.

Grape=Nuts

FOOD

Is made of wheat and barley, the greatest of all cereals, containing the tissue-building (proteids), energy-making (carbohydrates) elements; and *also* the "vital" phosphates (grown in the grains) which Nature requires for replacing the soft gray material of brain and nerve centres, worn away by Life's daily activities.

Follow the law of Old Mother Nature—eat Grape-Nuts and cream, and *give it to the children*, at least once a day.

"There's a Reason"